THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SUMMER BLOSSOMS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY DUNCAN McNEILL.

"There's many a Summer blossom in Winter's tangled hair,"
There's many a heart of sunshine in outward form less fair,
And there are those of lowly life with darkness round their way—
That have within thought's fairest flowers and imagery most gay.

Scotia's inimitable bard, how lowly was his birth,
Yet now his fame, his glowing thoughts, have reached the bound of earth!
And *Burns* is but a prototype of thousands of his kind,
That hide beneath a wintry garb the blossoms of a mind.

And he, that great philosopher, who brought the lightnings down!
With rolls of bread and bundled socks entered on life in town;
Yet now the world from Summer's glow may well look down aghast,
How *Franklin* from such icy depths could rise so high at last?

And *Clay*, who won the world's applause and saved his country thrice,
Whose eloquence and power were prized beyond the bound of price,
Whose fervid soul the hearts of men and nations far could fill;
Lo! in the winter of his youth he took the bags to mill.

And he who touched the swelling harp in Israel's proud hall,
Was filled with love, with fear and dread, the grim and haughty Saul,
And who at last filled Israel's throne with honor and with fame—
From the most wintry walk of life the youthful David came!

Oh yes! in Winter's tangled hair bright flowers of Summer bloom,
And make the snowy desert walks delicious with perfume!
Oh yes! in frozen Switzerland may brightest gems be found!
The fairest flowers fall often grow from most unsightly ground.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XLV.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY. A FEW DAYS LATER.

I said that I was beginning to believe in miracles, though why people should account one thing a miracle more than another, perhaps even if I went deep into the matter I could not determine. For if one sits down and considers the wonders and mysteries with which we are surrounded, everything is so wonderful that we are apt to get bewildered, and in our bewilderment to fall back on the old saying of "wonders will never cease," as a sort of half-explanation of the fact that wonders are still in existence, and we feel that there is much wisdom and truth in the old saying and in old sayings generally, and we are grateful to the person who first made the remark, that afterwards passed into a proverb, though, for the matter of that, I think that all proverbs must have had a great many ancestors.

There, if I do not pause, I shall get into one of my dissertations; it is such a temptation when one is sitting, pen in hand, just to note down one's thoughts. But I must forbear, as I have a long episode to weave into my story to-night, and I have to write a short preface to explain how it happens that I have it to tell. After our conversation the other day, Doris wrote to Mr. Chester, but there has not been time for an answer to her letter yet, though a wonderful answer has come.

This morning Mr. Lynn sent up a large packet addressed to Doris, in Mr. Chester's hand, and when she opened it, what should it contain but her mother's lost letter? Mr. Chester had found it, or rather had recovered it; it having been in the possession of a friend with whom he met and travelled some part of his journey to England. In some way the letter got amongst the papers of this friend, and was accidentally packed away in his portmanteau, and Mr. Chester received it from him on the very day of Mr. Carmichael's death.

It was an odd coincidence, and I am almost inclined to go off into a disquisition on something verging on spiritualism. But that would lead me too far astray. So I return to my subject. I was in the drawing-room, running my fingers very softly over the piano. I did not like to strike the notes loud, lest Aunt Lotty, wandering about the house, might hear them, and they might jar upon her. But I was not destined to play long without interruption. Doris, with tears streaming down her cheeks, rushed excitedly into the room.

"It is found, Joyce, it is found—everything will be made clear; you must come with me and read it."

And she closed the piano and hurried me away up-stairs.

"What is found?" said I.

"The packet, my mother's packet. Take it, Joyce, and read it to me. I can't read it, the letters are all swimming before me and I can't see a word."

No wonder she could not see, for her tears blinded her, and mine blinded me many times before I had finished reading the letter. I took it from her, and read as follows:—

MY BELOVED DORIS—Only for your own sake would I put down on paper what I have kept secret so many years. As long as I was with you there was no need to reveal it, and I believed it for your happiness not to do so. But I look forward to a time when I shall have left you, and my Doris will be alone in the world. Then it may happen that the information I am about to give you may prove useful and for your interest.

Doris, it almost breaks my heart to tell you, it seems like severing the tie that has been so sacred between us, and yet I could not have loved you better than I have done, had you been my own child. For Doris, my darling, you are not my daughter, you are not my own child.

You have often heard me speak of that fearful night when the Albatross went down, and of the little boat wherein two helpless women and their babes were launched upon the wild, desolate ocean. One was a young French lady with her child, about the age of my own.

It was an awful night; the waves roared around us; we were tossed hither and thither; but we clung to the boat, and gradually the waters calmed, though they still heaved mightily.

We scarcely spoke to one another, though now and then, to break the monotony of the sullen roar of the subsiding waters, I whispered a word of comfort to the French woman, and she answered me back.

She held her baby tight in one arm, the little creature clinging to her mother's neck. Mine was fast clasped to my breast, with my shawl folded round it, to shield it from the piercing cold, for it was but a delicate creature; and, in silence, we still held on to the boat, for though the wind had abated, the sea swell was very heavy.

After awhile I spoke again to the French lady; I only said one word—"Courage!"

She did not answer me immediately, but at length in a low, gasping tone, she said—

"Mon enfant; O mon Dieu! Mon enfant!"

I bent forward.

"Is the child dead?"

And then the little thing began to cry, a healthy, lusty cry, and so I knew that it was all right. And the mother hushed it feebly to rest, and it slept again. Then, once more she spoke to me, this time grasping my hand, so feebly, oh so feebly, and she said—

"Mon enfant! O mon Dieu! mon enfant!"

And she never spoke again; the night was too dark for me to see her. And again there was silence. My own child never cried, it slept peacefully. I wrapped the shawl closer round it, for it seemed cold, and then I loosened the skirt of my dress and folded that around it too. I did not mind the wind and cold myself, so that my little Doris, my delicate one, could be saved from suffering.

Darker and darker grew the night, the morn was approaching, and the darkest hour comes just before the dawning. Ah! it was lighter—far lighter to me than the brightest morning, for I clasped my living baby to my heart. But when the sun rose my little child was dead. The pitiless storm had beaten down my flower; it was too fragile to bear exposure to the cold. My child was dead, my little Doris. I tried to think that she was but asleep: I spoke to her, I kissed her, I stroked the flaxen hair away, for the round shining ringlets had fallen over the brow. I tried to warm her hands and feet, but it was all in vain—my little child was dead! So was the poor French lady. She had burst a blood-vessel in the night, and when I heard her moaning over her child she knew that she was dying. And the sorrowful cry sounded in my ears, "Mon enfant! O mon Dieu! mon enfant!" The mother had surely meant it as an appeal to me when with her feeble fingers she had clasped my hand.

Her head was resting on the side of the boat, and the child was still clinging to her neck. Could it be also dead? I gently laid my baby down, very gently, for I could not believe that it would never smile on me again.

And then I lifted up the other child. Its clothes were stained with its mother's blood. I unclasped its hands from the dead mother's neck and took it in my arms, and pressed it close to me to keep it warm; and then I sat down, overcome with grief and horror. In one arm I tenderly held my own dead child, and in the other the still sleeping orphan. And at my feet lay the poor dead mother. I covered her face with a handkerchief, and crossed her waxen hands upon her breast.

And the sun rose higher and higher; the sky was blue and clear, and not a cloud floated over it. And there I sat alone—alone, with not a living soul to speak to, with not a living creature near me, save the poor Frenchwoman's sleeping babe.

I could not weep, my tears seemed all dried up; I felt no fear, I felt a dreadful calm; I knew I must wait patiently until I grew fainter and fainter and death in mercy should stretch out his arms to receive me. I had no hope, and yet I had no fear.

I sat gazing dreamily around, not noticing, not thinking of anything; I was, as it were, in a trance. And suddenly a white speck appeared on the horizon, growing ever larger and larger. It was a vessel that slowly and steadily made towards me; but still in my dream I never thought of it as a means of rescuing me from my perilous situation. Motionless I sat, with the dead and the living child on my knees; and the boat drifted hither and thither.

Nearer the vessel came, I could see sailors in the rigging now. Presently I heard a shout, but I still sat in my trance, not heeding, not stirring. And the vessel came nearer now; men were unloosing a boat, then it was lowered and oars were plashing through the water. The sailors were foreign; I could not tell whether Spanish or Portuguese, as I did not understand the language. They would have taken me into their boat, but I pointed to the dead woman and shook my head.

They were evidently at a loss how to act, but after some conference they fastened a rope to the boat and towed it to the vessel.

There was a French priest on board, who spoke a little broken English, and I made him comprehend that I could not leave the bodies unburied, and I prayed him to use his influence that they might be decently committed to the sea. Nothing would induce the captain to take the bodies on board, the sailors were so averse to it, but they might be fastened up in a shroud, and the priest might say a prayer over them.

I kissed my dead baby over and over again, and placed it in the dead mother's arms. I wiped away the stains of blood from her face; and kissing her, I made a vow that I would be as a mother to her child.

So they were buried in the ocean, thy dead mother, Doris, and my dead babe. The priest said a prayer over them, and with a heavy splash they descended into the bosom of the deep. Then I woke up, for I had been in my trance till then; that splash had waked me up. I gave a shriek, I tried to spring into the water after them. My child, my child, my little Doris! Gone, gone, and I was quite alone now. One kindly woman held me back, and another took you gently and tended you; and I fell down insensible, and there was a long dark interval, wherein I remembered nothing.

When I recovered my senses I was lying on a sofa in the cabin, and at first I thought I was on board the Albatross. And they put you into my arms, and as I looked upon you and knew that you were not my own Doris, it all came back to me, and I recalled that awful night on the waters, and the death of my little child, and a sob that almost choked me rose in my throat; I shrieked with the pain of it, it seemed as if it would rend my heart, and I should suffocate. And then a burst of tears came, and I wept on and on until I could weep no longer, and with those tears I christened you anew, and called you Doris after my lost babe.

Your mother and my babe went down to their deep resting place together, and as I pressed the living baby to my heart, I vowed that unto death I would be as a mother to you, and that you should never feel the loss of her who died at sea. I know not if I did right, my darling; but we two were all in all to one another, and none could have guarded you more faithfully than I have done.

* * * * * *

And now that I have revealed this secret to you, I desire you, in case of any trouble, to take this letter to John Grosford Lynn, of Lyncourt, and for my sake he will treat you as a daughter. Doris, he is my husband; he believes that I was drowned when the Albatross was lost on its homeward passage; and I have only lately known that he is still alive; for I believed him to have died a cruel death before I left Australia.

* * * * * *

I shall give this to Gabriel Chester, who will take care of it, in case any accident should happen to the packet I intend to place in your hands. I can tell you nothing of your own mother, save that her name was De Ligny, and she was a widow.

* * * * * *

I longed to see Doris's face, but it was hidden. I wondered how she would bear the information contained in the letter.

She was crying very quietly and did not lift up her face, but she said, "I shall always call her my mother, Joyce."

Then she was silent again. Presently she raised her head. "Joyce," she said; "I am very glad to know all this. It makes me independent."

I wondered what she meant, for it sounded somewhat enigmatical.

"I would rather be alone in the world and belonging to no one, and able to shape my own course."

Had she forgotten Mr. Chester? Of what was she thinking? I was half inclined to ask her, but I scarcely knew how to do so. She seemed to perceive what was passing in my mind, for she said,

"You are thinking of Gabriel."

"Yes, I was."

"I have been thinking of him too, a great deal more seriously of late than I have ever done before; but I think that he and I can arrange matters according to our satisfaction."

"Of course you can, Doris," I answered, somewhat energetically, for I feared she had misunderstood me; "this will not make the slightest difference to Mr. Chester. Why should it?"

"I am not Mr. Lynn's daughter now; I shall have no fortune," said Doris, demurely.

"Doris!" I exclaimed; "as if Mr. Chester would care for that. You don't in your heart believe such a thing of him."

"You don't evidently," she answered; "you are beginning to appreciate him at last. Take care that I am not jealous, Joyce."

Jealous! Doris jealous of me! That I knew she would never be; but, somehow, her words sank into my heart and humbled me; for though I knew that they were spoken at random, they made me feel more keenly than ever how lightly Mr. Chester esteemed me by the side of Doris. Jealous! Ah no! The jealousy, if it existed, should be on my side. But I look into my heart as I sit here writing, and I am thankful that I can say with truth that no jealousy of Doris holds a place therein. I have kept my love free from such a taint, and I trust I shall do so unto the end. Jealousy is too contemptible for even poor Joyce Dormer to think of.

What I need is patience, most excellent of Christian graces. Not stoic indifference, not sluggish apathy, but that brave, gentle virtue that helps us to conquer life when all is dark and antagonistic around us. Doubtless he is a great man who can command an army, but truly I think he is a greater who doth possess his soul in patience.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Letters," said Aunt Lotty; "and one for you, Doris, with a foreign postmark."

And Doris, taking her letter, read it eagerly.

"Gabriel is coming, Aunt Lotty," said she; "he will be here in a day or two; perhaps to-morrow."

The first gleam of pleasure that had shown itself on Aunt Lotty's countenance since her husband's death beamed upon it now as she answered, "How kind, how thoughtful of him to come to us in our trouble. Ah, if he could but have been here to see poor dear Mr. Carmichael before he died! But that was not to be, or it would have been, and it's a great comfort to me, dear, that he's coming now; I shall have some one to talk to about business matters, and to advise me, and as he is going to be my nephew, I shall feel quite at home with him. There's something so friendly about Mr. Chester. To be sure Mr. Lynn's willing to do everything, and he's very kind; but then he has his own troubles, poor man, and heavy enough they are. And though he's your father, Doris, I can't help saying that he's not like Mr. Chester."

Joyce caught Doris's eye glancing at her, and she knew that Doris, like herself, was wondering how matters could ever be explained to Aunt Lotty, so that she should have no misgivings as to her husband's conduct.

To Joyce it appeared simply impossible. But when Mr. Chester came, he did so manage affairs that Aunt Lotty remained in blissful ignorance of Mr. Carmichael's manifold transgressions. For Mr. Chester made no explanations, and Aunt Lotty, following the habit she had fallen into during Mr. Carmichael's life-time, asked no questions. When Mr. Chester stated that the lost letter was found, and that from it they ascertained that Doris was not the daughter of Ellen Carmichael, but of the poor French lady who was lost at sea, she heard him patiently to the end, accepted the information as it stood, and made her own comments.

"I think," she said, "that poor dear Mr. Carmichael must have had some suspicion of this, and that was the reason he was so anxious about Doris's letter. But, of course, he would not like to breathe such a thing; it would have been so cruel to Mr. Lynn to cast a shadow of doubt upon his happiness. Mr. Carmichael was always so considerate, so thoughtful."

And Aunt Lotty was satisfied; and it never entered into her heart to imagine evil. It never had entered into her heart during her husband's lifetime, and now death had rendered such imagination more than ever impossible.

Oh, kindly veil, that death hath thrown over the dead man's sins! Oh, simple, loving heart, that thinketh no evil. The world is better for such hearts, despite their exceeding simpleness. There is something touching—something almost sublime in their credulity, that makes the wisdom of wiser people bow down and take a second place in their presence.

The sequel to the story was no surprise to Mr. Chester; he had from the first suspected that all was not as Mr. Carmichael had represented it to be; though why or wherefore it was not so he would have been at a loss to determine. To break the intelligence to Mr. Lynn would, he felt, be a much more difficult and painful task than he had had with Aunt Lotty; and to tell the truth, he rather shrank from it. A man does not care to witness the emotion of another, to see him betray his weakness: it is, as it were, a reflection of himself that it hurts his pride to look upon. Wherefore Mr. Chester became cowardly, and spoke to Doris as follows:

"Would not this explanation come better from Miss Dormer than from any one else? She and Mr. Lynn were together when Mr. Carmichael died, and it would be so natural for her to explain to him the meaning of Mr. Carmichael's distress—the burden that he had upon his mind. And then it would come lighter from a woman's hand than from mine. I have no sympathy for this dead man, I don't profess to have any; but he is the husband of her aunt, and she can state the case better than I could. Do you think she would undertake it?"

"I am sure she would," replied Doris, "if you really wish it. Joyce is the best person I know, and the best person you know, if you would only confess it. As for faults—"

"Miss Dormer's faults—" began Mr. Chester, but Doris interrupted him.

"I don't wish to hear you descant upon them. I don't care for people altogether without failings; they're not so loveable. Faults make people more perfect, Gabriel."

Mr. Chester laughed.

"You are incomprehensible, Doris. Do you mean that a person with faults is more perfect than a person without?"

"It is one of those theories, Gabriel, that you will not understand."

"Cannot—Is it not?"

"I don't know. What I mean is this, that virtues become more perfect if they have something to strive against. The noblest natures are those that overcome the greatest imperfections."

"Then it is well for the character to have great faults in order to become perfect by exercising virtue. What do you say to most vices being merely degenerate virtues, and virtues but elevated vices—firmness and obstinacy, carefulness and avarice, amiability and indolence, patience and apathy."

"You can't make much of a list, Gabriel. No; I don't believe in anything of the sort; but when I began to talk about Joyce, I was not thinking of any of these things. There was a question I wanted to ask you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Do you like me well enough to answer an honest question?"

"Doris!"

She drew nearer to him, and put her hand on his shoulder, looking straight into his eyes.

"What is this very serious and important question?" he said, taking her other hand in his, and looking up into the beautiful eyes that were fixed upon him.

She did not hesitate,—she spoke very quietly and steadily:

"Gabriel, why did you ask me to marry you, when you liked Joyce better?"

Mr. Chester sprang from his seat and stood before her,—

"What makes you ask such a question, Doris?" he demanded, almost sternly.

"That I may have an answer," she returned, still gazing up at him. "Is it such a very difficult question to reply to? Perhaps I can help you, if you will listen to me. Do you remember the night before you went away, that I was sitting looking into the fire, and I told you that I was making a story, and that I was farther advanced in it than was Joyce in hers, for of mine I knew the ending. I was sitting with my eyes half-closed, but I could see for all that, and I was shaping indistinct thoughts and memories into firm convictions, and as one light flashed upon me after another I wondered that it had been so long darkness with me. I laughed to myself to think how blind every one else was, for now that the bandage was removed I could see so very plainly: I saw how you and Joyce had been misunderstanding and fretting one another; and I knew that you cared for Joyce."

Mr. Chester started; he had seated himself again, and Doris was sitting on a footstool at his feet, as she used to do in those olden days so far away, when he was her teacher and guide, and she a little child. But she was older now and graver, and she felt able to teach the strong man and to help him with her counsel—with her woman's clearer intuitions. And she went on,—

"I saw that you cared for Joyce. Hush! you must hear me to the end," she said, for Mr. Chester made a movement as if to stop her words; "you believed that your love was hopeless. And then I was in trouble, and you thought to help me out of it by giving what love you had to give to little Doris, and you and I both hoped we should be happy. You said you had no one in the world to care for you but me."

"Doris, my darling," said Mr. Chester, stroking back her hair, "what has put all these strange thoughts into your head to-night?"

But she looked up reproachfully.

"You must be true, Gabriel; you must not try to deceive me. Let me go on with what I read in the fire that night. I further read that you and I had both been wrong; that you, with another love in your heart, should not have asked for mine, and that I, with no love in mine, should not have promised to be your wife. For, Gabriel, although I love you very much, it is not the love I ought to give, and neither of us would be satisfied. Therefore I wish our engagement to be at an end."

Mr. Chester looked at her wonderingly.

"Is it my little Doris who tells me she does not love me?"

"I love you too well, Gabriel, to do what is

neither for your happiness nor for mine. I have had a wish all along that you and Joyce should marry, and that I should come and be with you both. I cannot tell you Joyce's secrets, because she has not told them to me. But I read in the fire that both she and you were mistaken in each other. It may be true, and it may not be; but, Gabriel, promise me that you will try to find out."

"Doris—" began Mr. Chester.

"No," she replied; "I will hear nothing that you have to say. Nothing will change my mind. We two are not suited for one another, and I have broken off my engagement. Will it break your heart?" she added, laughingly; but the tears were in her eyes.

Not sorrowful tears, but tears that would come, she knew not why, making her heart feel lighter and happier than it had done for many a day.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Letters to Ladies.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

Ladies—Some of you who read my last letter are wondering why so many are worn out with housework, since it is a healthful employment. To be blessed in body or spirit by domestic duty, or any duty, it must be done cheerfully. Work performed under protest, like an oath taken with a mental reservation, lacks its true life force. If we could find the crown which lies beneath any cross, it must be shouldered and bravely carried, not shirked for half the time and dragged the other half.

Now, if the good Father had not known that labor was the best discipline for His sinning children, He would not have sent them forth from Eden to earn their bread by toil. Those parents who try to grow up their children in a garden without thorns or thistles, with every thing at hand, so that there is no need of self-denying effort on their part, will find in their own offspring the worst of rank weeds and thorny shrubs, in the shape of sensuality, selfishness, sickness, morbid sentimentalism, and a host of Satanic elements which would have been cast out or kept out by energetic and persevering industry. The increased educational advantages given our girls, together with strong foreign hands to perform domestic drudgery, as it is called, has left them too much at liberty to follow their own pleasure. Solomon says, "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame," and I am very sure they soon bring themselves to sickness, if to no worse sin. Many young misses come to us suffering from indigestion, headache, dimness of vision, and a host of other ills, simply because they have been allowed to read at will, at all times of day or night. I have now in mind many who have come near blindness before twenty, not from study, but from story reading; who, after many months of medical care and little use of their eyes for years, have, even now to guard against gas-light, snow-light, or much reading. Others from the same cause are visited with strange nervous affections; such as twitching of the muscles of the face and other parts of the body; chorea or St. Vitus's dance, where the motions seem more Satan's than saint-like. Besides these, a host of hysterical affections which doctors out of respect to the sensibilities of the patient, often designate as some anomalous nervous disease. The brain and nervous system play strange pranks with those who take insufficient bodily exercise. This is needed as a ballast. Part of the nervous force generated by the brain should be exhausted or used by the muscular systems. This one cause of many nervous affections suggests also one method of cure. The delicate nerves which run from the brain and spinal cords to every part of the body are so numerous and so minute that the finest needle will pierce one of them at whatever point it may touch. This complex net-work forms a nervous body which seems to symbolize the spiritual one. Now if we have overtasked this, our nerve body, giving it too little rest while our muscular system has had too little exercise, the first means to bring up the balance of power is to work the brain less and the body more.

So those who have been made sick by too intense, mental or emotional life get well sooner by moderate manual labor than by any other means, that is, if they take an interest in it.

A case in point: A young wife of active mind and ready wits who had lost her babe, and lost her health and cheer, was a patient of ours. Her excitability, her times of deep depression, gave her friends great anxiety. Before me lies a letter just received from her, in which she says:—"We are keeping house, and have had no domestic; my health and cheer are excellent; have been too much occupied to get low spirited; have not had a single tantrum since my return; dish-water is splendid to wash out spells and the like."

She is one possessing much energy and dispatch, and so found diversion and comfort in housekeeping. Had she done it with reluctance and discontent, the magic power would have been lost.

When a quack was asked as to his system of practice, he replied, "It was to restore the distribution of the animal heat and the circulation, and thus sustain the equilibrium of all the forces of the body." Well, that is what seems to be wanted in many cases. The amount of circulation in the muscles is too little, while the nerve centres are oppressed and engorged, rendering the subject irritable and over-sensitive. So then by medical treatment, or by manual labor, we should direct the life-force to the muscles, to the extremities, to the surface; thus restoring equilibrium and equanimity in mind and body. Hot foot baths with cool head baths are beneficial, or warm half baths in which the patient can sit erect; with limbs extended, with cold compresses to the head, are excellent; cool shallow baths, with friction, are also good, if the invalid have sufficient reactive powers; but best of all, to work out one's physical salvation, as far as possible.

An excellent physician, a friend of ours, told an over-indulgent mother, to "have her invalid daughter take a hand bath after each meal, for one-half hour in the dish-pan," every day for three months. An excellent prescription, but poorly followed.

Of the many I have seen who have impaired their eye-sight and induced a tendency of blood to the head, by books, by painting or by fancy stitching, all have improved most rapidly, who, after some simple remedial means, have turned not complainingly but cheerfully to hand labor. The mind, occupied with productive industry, is in itself a curative agent, quite as much as the bodily exercise. When an old painter was asked what he mixed his paints with, by a young artist, he replied, "With brains, sir." This mixture not only makes good pictures, but it is an important ingredient in all the duties of life.

My husband says, "One cannot make good bread unless brains are put into it."

And I am sure every soul dwindles that does work into which they put no spirit. Energy infused into all the common duties of life gives strength and courage to meet and conquer the sterner realities that must at times be met and overcome.

We may seem to be mingling mind and matter, body and spirit, and so we are, for we cannot avoid it, since in this world the twain are one, and hence help or hinder each other.

Every nerve should be an inlet of strength, intelligence and pleasure, instead of restiveness and discontent. A lady who came to me for consultation, began by saying "that she was troubled with her nerves." Well, thought I, if it was the tooth, we could take it out; if a tumor, it might be taken off. But if your nerves trouble you, you are in a dilemma. Just then the entire nervous system, interpenetrating the whole body, came before me as a picture. To take out the troublesome nerves was impossible; to apply any emollient which would soothe them all, was also impossible. It is by far better to maintain intact the nerve forces so that they will not trouble their owners; for nerves exhausted, petted, and indulged, are very clamorous, like children who have come up unrestrained. All forms of nervous disease are on the increase from fidgets to cramps; from tic-douloreux to sciatica; from partial to entire paralysis.

Surely, we must conclude there is something wrong in the habits of this generation. Or else, why this supersensitiveness of the nervous system?

Our children live on food too stimulating. Tea and coffee, whatever may be said of them for the aged, when taken early in life excite and exhaust prematurely. Our growing children get too little sleep. When our girls should be maturing in nerve and muscle, between school life and social life they are over-stimulated, and so come on to the womanly stage with a delicate and sensitive organization.

Eyes which should rejoice in light are pained thereby; sounds which should be enjoyed or endured, become sources of discomfort or of actual suffering. So all the inlets of pleasure—the five senses—are likely to become so oversensitive as to bring pains. Beside the multitude of neuralgic diseases, more severe than any other bodily agony, there are a host of ideal infirmities which are worse to cure than the real.

Little aches, well nursed, soon grow to be big pains. Of some nervous invalids we can truly say:—

"Their griefs are great,
Because they are so small;
And would be greater,
Were they none at all."

There is nothing which expands so much by thought as our own infirmities. Talking about them helps them to grow wonderfully. Added to these, affectionate attention and constant solicitude on the part of an attendant or friends, and we have a sure recipe for making a confirmed chronic invalid.

Such are like a client who wept in court while on trial, and when asked why he was so overcome, replied that he did not know he had been so misused, till he heard his lawyer plead his case. Some invalids have so many able advocates of their case about them that they have continually a realizing sense of all they suffer, and some that they do not. Unwelcome and uncherished aches and pains, like neglected guests, often take their leave.

But people who pet their nerves find that they become very sensitive and troublesome, like those of a young lady who came to us complaining of "ulceration of the entire nervous system," and said she had "had it cauterized with electricity." Now "ulceration of the nervous system," and "cauterization" of the same, were disease and doctoring too deep for us.

Any one believing that to be their condition "must be sick," surely. Not long since a lady told me that she still suffered from the effects of a fever she had after going to Vermont, and that the journey there caused this fit of sickness. As she dwelt at length upon the case, I began to grow curious as to what there was about that journey which could have made her sick. The mountains to which she went on those glorious autumn days were surely healthful. And as she had no children to care for, and had for an escort a husband who had been for years a railroad conductor, he must be able, when off duty, to look after his wife and their baggage. So at last I said, "What was there in that journey that could have made you sick?" "Why," she replied, "you remember that I took my dog with me, and the care of him was too much for my nervous system. You know he would run around at the stations and I was afraid I should lose him; and so had to look after him so closely that I got overdone."

Now a woman who gets sick by any sensible work, I feel quite sure can be cured. But this, to me, was a hopeless case. Poor woman! Poor dog!—*Herald of Health.*

☞ There are 5,000 Americans residing in Paris this year. They support eight restaurants, six American bar-rooms, four American physicians and four dentists, and talk of starting a daily paper.

☞ A California country gentleman, with his two sons, went to Marysville to get their pictures taken. In order to have the boys properly prepared he asked for a basin of water to wash their faces. The artist informed the customer that he would find a wash-dish in the other room, and he retired and gave both boys a clean wash. After the pictures were taken, it was noticed that the lads began to grow black in the face, and continued to get blacker and blacker. The true state of the case immediately occurred to the operator—the boys had washed their faces in the wrong dish, a basin of chemicals prepared for pictures. There was no remedy then for the accident. The silver wash was turning the faces of the boys blacker and blacker, and there was no other way than to let the chemicals perfect the work. The gentleman left with his boys, and by the time he reached home his wife had two fine mulatto children.

☞ Button collecting has superseded the postage stamp mania in New Bedford, Mass. One girl has over a thousand buttons in her collection, no two of which are alike.

☞ The Madrid editors, whose articles offended the civilized government of Spain, are to wear spiked iron collars and serve in the galleys for 20 years.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced in THE POST of May 4th a new novelet, called

LORD ULSWATER,

which our readers will find to be a novelet of great power and interest.

Our other novelet,

JOYCE DORMIER'S STORY,

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "JOYCE DORMER'S STORY," and a few complete series to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novelet of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

LOTTERIES.

How is it that with our laws against lotteries, and frequent arrests of individuals for selling lottery policies, we have large lotteries, of a so-called benevolent character, sanctioned by the Treasury Department at Washington, claiming to be organized by the acts of the State legislature, and whose advertisements appear by the column in papers professing to be opposed to the lottery system?

And moreover, gentlemen of great political and military prominence are found lending these lottery schemes the sanction of their names and influence.

Would it not be better to abolish the laws against lotteries altogether, than to be so ridiculously inconsistent?

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP."—Mr. Ball is getting "famous." An able correspondent of the *New York Times* recently dissected Mr. Morse's pamphlet in five columns of very witty and amusing reading. And Major Huntley, in the *Albany Evening Journal*, thus writes about Mr. Ball:—

"In 1846, Mr. Ball sent a poem to a newspaper in New York as original, which was found to be in the collection of poems by Mrs. Hemans, and he was exposed of plagiarism at the time. He also sent a poem to Frank Leslie, entitled 'The Village at Evening,' which was published, and a few days after Lieut. Phelps claimed the verses as his, and produced the proof that they were published in 1850. I believe by sending a copy of the 'Knickerbocker Magazine' of that date, containing the poem. I think he and his friends had better say no more about who wrote the poem entitled 'Rock Me to Sleep.' For my part, if a lady claimed a poem which I had written, I should let her have her own way about it. If Mr. Ball will write a poem half as good as the one in dispute, he will do something that he never did before, viz—write an original poem. Hoping that you will publish the above facts,

"I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,
"MAJOR WM. HUNTLEY,
"314 Lumber St. Albany."

LEG-ITIMATE CRITICISM.—The dramatic critic of the *New York Times* criticises as follows the leg-itimate drama:—

"The leg is not a bad index of the mind or disposition. What sloth, for instance, does not an obese limb betray; what a shrew is the possessor of a limb like a walking-stick; but what a gentle woman is she of the arched instep, the round ankle, and the graceful pedestal swelling to perfection and modulating to lightness! What dogged obstinacy does the stumpy leg with the knotty calf exhibit; what an irresolute soul does the lanky limb which bends at the knee betray! How well the strong ankle indicates the firm principle; how the fat ankle reveals the vacant mind!"

We think that will do.

☞ A Parisian medical man has discovered the art of keeping "subjects" for dissection or for anatomical museums for any length of time. It is still a secret how he manages to retain their natural appearance (even their muscles do not lose their elasticity or suppleness,) but he has persuaded the Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Medicine and most of the medical profession in Paris of his success. He has exhibited some of the most delicate organs (for instance, the brain) kept eighteen months, and as fresh, as far as the anatomist can desire, as if they were taken from a patient whose death occurred three hours ago.

☞ The following is written upon the back of a mortgage which was found in the Recorder's office in Cincinnati; "I cancel this mortgage, not recollecting whether it was paid or not. Paid or not, I acknowledge payment, and cancel it, as it is not likely a Jerseyman would let a mortgage remain thirty-one years unpaid. Witness my hand and seal. Nicholas Longworth."

☞ APOTHECARY.—A man who mixes drugs of which he knows little, to pour into a body of which he knows less, to cure a disease of which he knows nothing.—*Voltaire.*

☞ A boy in Montreal put two fire-crackers into his nostrils and fired them to see the effect. He now knows that he has no nose.

☞ A man who eloped from Pittsfield with his step-mother, settled with his father for fifty dollars and a silver watch, and retains the lady.

☞ In Washington a woman shot a man because he did not marry her; in Cincinnati another shot one because he did. What can a bachelor do to save his bacon?

☞ An old lady of ninety is building a handsome house in Rockford, Ill., in which to spend *the remainder* of her days.

☞ The Adventists at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, attest their faith in the coming of the "kingdom" by neglecting to plough and sow their lands, or make any preparation for raising crops this season.

☞ A man in St. Louis was recently placed under a bond of $150 to keep the peace towards a dog which he had threatened to kill.

☞ Wendell Phillips has this grain of wheat: "The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living." Wendell never had to struggle unfortunately.

The Last Wager of Battle in England.

An English paper says:—There has died in Birmingham a poor old man, one event of whose history forms an important mark in the progress of civilization in England, especially as relating to the old barbarous mode of settling disputes and trying causes by the "wager of battel." The deceased, William Ashford, was the last person who was challenged in an English court to meet, in single combat, a man whom he had accused as the murderer of his sister. On the 28th of May, 1810, a beautiful young woman, named Mary Ashford, in her twentieth year, went to a dance at Erdington, without proper protection.

She left the festive scene at a late hour, accompanied by a young man named Abraham Thornton, a farmer's son in the neighborhood. They were last seen talking together at a stile near the place, but next morning she was found dead in a pit of water, and there were evidences that she had been murdered. General suspicion pointing to Thornton, he was arrested and tried for murder at Warwick assizes in August; but, though strong circumstantial evidence was against him, the defence, which was an *alibi*, obtained a verdict of not guilty.

The feeling of surprise and indignation at his acquittal was so intense that a new trial was called for, and an appeal was entered against the verdict by Wm. Ashford, the brother the next of kin to the murdered girl. Thornton was again apprehended and sent to London in November, to be tried before Lord Ellenborough and the full Court of Queen's Bench. Instead of regular defence by arguments, evidences and witnesses, Thornton boldly defied all present modes of jurisdiction, and claimed his right, according to ancient custom, to challenge his accuser to fight him, and decide his innocence or guilt by the "wager of battel." His answer to the court was, "Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same by my body." He accompanied these words by the old act of taking off his glove and throwing it down upon the floor of the court.

At this stage of the proceedings William Ashford, who was in court, actually came forward, and was about to accept the challenge by picking up the glove, when he was kept back by those about him. With what wonder did the assembly, and, indeed, the nation, ask, "Can a prisoner insist on so obsolete a mode of trial, in such a time of right as the nineteenth century?" But with greater wonder and regret was the judgment of the court received; for, after several adjournments, it decided, in April, 1818, that the law of England was in favor of the "wager of battel;" that the old laws sanctioning it had never been repealed, and that, though this mode of trial had become obsolete, it must be allowed. Thornton was, therefore, discharged, and, being set at liberty, left England for America, where he died in obscurity.

☞ The story that Charles II. knighted a loin of beef, calling it Sir-Loin, is disproved by the discovery of the word in manuscript of a much older date.

☞ Bishop Asbury (of the Methodist Church) disliked the fair sex to a degree that was not creditable. There was one circuit in Virginia where the ladies were so fascinating that all the young preachers sent there were soon taken captive. The bishop thought to stop this by sending thither two decrepit old men, but, to his great surprise, both were married the same year. He exclaimed, in disgust, "I am afraid the women and the devil will get all my preachers!"

☞ An exchange published not long since some verses containing these lines:

"I met her on the street,
And she showed her dirty feet."

The young lady referred to made complaint, and the editor corrected himself in his next paper. For dirty he substituted dainty. This made matters all right.

☞ Chung Loo, a native Burmese, who is lecturing on Burmah, says kissing is unknown in his country. The corresponding endearment is to press the lips and nose closely to the cheek of the fair one, and inhale the perfume. To ask for a kiss they say, "*Give me a smell!*" Poor country to live in that.

☞ There cannot be a doubt that in the case of a person struck dead by lightning the passage from life to death occurs without consciousness being in the least degree implicated. It is an abrupt stoppage of sensation, unaccompanied by a pang.

☞ THE CURRANT WORM.—A correspondent of the Loyal Sunrise, says he has two methods of getting rid of the currant worm, both effective if faithfully applied: First—hand picking: second—removing the earth from around the bush early in the spring to the depth of two or three inches, and to the distance of six or eight inches around the bush, and supplying its place with fresh earth. Thus the progenitors of thousands may be easily destroyed.

☞ A rich widower married an accomplished widow, and on the bridal tour her affection was chilled in consequence of catching cold for the want of a fire, eating tough beefsteak seasoned with lard, and her husband's refusal to furnish her with a feather bed. Declaring the union intolerable, the lady now seeks a divorce in a St. Louis court.

☞ A Hebrew paper complains that the last English edition of Webster's Dictionary contains the word "to jew," in the sense "to cheat," "to swindle," etc. But it is the business of a lexicographer, to record words and meanings—neither to originate nor to suppress.

☞ A farmer in New York willed his daughter four thousand dollars on condition that she would marry a Catholic clergyman. As Catholic clergymen do not marry, the daughter endeavors to break the will. The defence is that the old man didn't mean that she should have any of the property, and took this way of saying so.

☞ RADISHES.—A correspondent of an agricultural paper writes as follows:—"If any of your readers who cannot raise radishes on account of worms, or unsuitable soil, will strew common wheat bran, one inch thick, on any good soil, and hoe it in, and then plant their seed, they may eat as good radishes as anybody can raise."

☞ A white bear got loose from a menagerie recently at Nottingham, England, and strayed into a field where some laborers were at work. They looked at the strange animal, thought it looked dangerous, and went off to call the police, the richest illustration of true British instinct we have recently had. If Satan were to appear to an average Englishman, he would first call a constable, then write to the *Times*, and then describe his visitor at a public meeting.

AN ARCTIC VISION.

Where the short-legged Esquimaux
Waddle in the ice and snow,
And the playful polar bear
Nips the hunter unaware;
Where by day they track the ermine,
And by night another vermin—
Segment of the frigid zone,
Where the temperature alone
Warms on St. Elias's cone;
Polar dock where Nature slips
From the ways her icy ships;
Land of fox and deer and sable,
Short end of our western cable—
Let the news that flying goes
Thrill through all your Arctic floes,
And reverberate the hoast
From the cliffs of Beechey's coast,
'Till the tidings, circling round
Every bay of Norton Sound,
Throw the vocal tide-wave back
To the isles of Kodiac.
Let the stately polar bears
Waltz around the pole in pairs,
And the walrus in his glee
Bare his tusk of ivory;
While the bold sea unicorn
Calmly takes an extra horn;
All ye polar skies, reveal your
Very rarest of parhelia;
Trip it, all ye Merry Dancers,
In the airiest of lancers;
Slide, ye solemn glaciers, slide
One inch further to the tide,
Nor in wild precipitation
Upset Tyndall's calculation.
Know you not what fate awaits you,
Or to whom the future mates you?
All ye icebergs, make salaam,—
You belong to Uncle Sam!

On the spot where Eugene Sue
Led his wretched wandering Jew,
Stands a form whose features strike
Rose and Esquimaux alike,
He it is whom Skalds of old
In their Runic rhymes foretold;
Lean of flank and lank of jaw,
See the real Northern Thor!
See the awful Yankee leering
Just across the Straits of Behring.
On the drifted snow, too plain,
Sinks his fresh tobacco stain,
Just beside the deep indentation of his Number 10.

Leaning on his icy hammer
Stands the hero of this drama,
And above the wild duck's clamor,
In his own peculiar grammar,
With its lingual disguises,
Lo, the Arctic ptalogue rises:
"We'll I reckon 'tain't so bad,
Seein' as 't was all they had;
True, the Springs are rather late,
And early Falls predominate;
But the ice crop's pretty sure,
And the air is kinder pure;
'Tain't so very mean a trade,
When the land is all surveyed,
There's a right smart chance for fur chase
All along this recent purchase,
And unless the stories fail,
Every fish from cod to whale;
Rocks, too; mebbee, quartz; let's see,—
'Twould be strange if there should be,—
Seems I've heard such stories told:
Eh!—why, blem us—yes, it's gold!"

While the blows are falling thick
From his California pick,
You will recognize the Thor
Of the vision that I saw,—
Free from legendary glamour,
See the real magician's hammer.

San Francisco Bulletin. F. H. B.

☞ The Buffalo Express is responsible for the following:—"One of our printers, who used to set type in the Tribune office, smiled audibly yesterday when somebody wondered that Horace Greeley could be willing to let his name go down to posterity affixed to Jeff Davis's bail bonds. Horace knows, he says, that posterity can't read the signature."

☞ It is said that in Indiana "cold feet" are regarded as a good cause for divorce.

☞ An election was held in Maine, on Monday, on a proposed amendment to the Liquor law, increasing the penalties for its violation. The returns so far show a decided majority in favor of the increase.

☞ A curious intimation to the visitors at the French court concerts has recently been made. Over the entrance is an announcement that "You must not look at the Emperor through an opera-glass." Fortunately the Empress is not mentioned—that restriction would be hard, indeed; the other can be borne.

☞ "Hapsburg on Sale" is the heading of an advertisement in the Berlin papers, which runs as follows:—"Hapsburg, on the Lake of the Four Cantons, with the ruins of the ancient castle, is to be sold very cheap. Excellent site for a mansion both in summer and winter. Picturesque neighborhood. Apply to Herr Franz Beck, Bexenhor, Surree, Switzerland." This is the identical castle owned in days of yore by the ancestors of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

☞ A Sunday school on wheels is said to be in operation in Utica. The managers hold it in a car furnished by the managers of one of the railways leading out of Utica, and the scholars are gathered up along the line of the road.

☞ Peter Ott agreed to give Joseph Platte $700 if Joseph would marry his daughter Mary. In consideration of this proposition, Joseph married the Mary aforesaid, and now brings suit before a Pittsburg magistrate to compel his father-in-law to stand to his agreement.

☞ It is thought Delaware will send 2,000,000 baskets of peaches to market.

☞ A Court in Richmond, Va., has decided that dog stealing is not theft, according to the law.

☞ The police of Fall River are anxious to find the thief who stole all the padlocks to the cell doors in the lock up, on Monday last, and escaped with his booty.

☞ A Buffalo man whipped his wife nearly to death because she ate an orange that another man gave her.

☞ M. Du Chaillu, who has spent ten years in exploring the interior of Africa, tells of a wonderfully smart polygamist there who throws Brigham Young completely into the shade. He had two hundred wives and *six hundred children*, all his own offspring.

☞ It is reported that a man in Connecticut has written, without the aid of a glass, the Lord's Prayer in full four times inside a circle the size of a gold dollar. The writing includes 207 words, or 1,038 letters.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

LOSS OF VON PLATEN—WAR IN THE CAMP—DISAPPEARANCE OF CRINOLINE—REAPPEARANCE OF THE BUG HUNTER—RAPID RIDING—GALLANT DEFENCE—DISPERSING RENEGADES—ON TO ICA.

There is always enough of romantic adventure in South American itinerant life to prevent one from absolutely dreaming during daylight. But in all our thousands of miles of journeying we had not met with adventures and startling incidents that came upon us so suddenly, successively, that for three consecutive days and nights we were prevented from sleeping beyond catching brief catnaps in the saddle, until they came upon us in shapes most unlooked for in the pretty picturesque valley of *Ica*—the first of the series surprising us at about twenty leagues from the coast.

To the left of our line of march and nearly parallel with it, the distance varying probably from one to three miles, ran a range of low conical hills, destitute of trees, but covered with low shrubs, flowers, and grass. We had ridden an hour or so after breakfast, when Von Platen remarked to Dr. Bond, that there might most likely be found growing along the range some rare plants worth investigating and preserving specimens of, expressing at the same time his determination of making a sort of flank movement, riding parallel to our course along the base of the hills, keeping our party mostly in sight and rejoining us at dinner time.

Our Swedish companiero had so frequently strayed away by himself on such side expeditions, sometimes absenting himself for an entire day, that his absence excited no surprise nor elicited any remark until we were nearly done our dinner at about three o'clock, P. M., when some one happening to miss our bug-hunter, wondered where he was. Dr. Bond explained his absence—and before he had quite finished, Von Platen came in sight, riding a great deal faster than was his usual custom, and accompanied by a handsome, youngish-looking man, wearing fair wavy hair and full flowing beard and moustache—having a fair, ruddy complexion and clear, blue eyes, features so unlike those of any Spaniard or native South American that to mistake him for such would have been an absurdity.

The stranger who was superbly mounted, clad *en caballiero* and efficiently armed, drew rein a few yards from where we were eating, doffed his sombrero, bowed somewhat ceremoniously, and paying us the customary salutation of the country by simply saying:—"*Viva senoure y Senoras*," remained silent in the saddle, while Von Platen dismounted by fairly leaping from his stirrups, and calling to his wife, led her a little apart from us, whispered in an earnest manner with her for a few moments, after which we saw the pretty Bell-Bird draw from her bosom a purse, which several of us knew to contain a considerable amount in gold, give it to her husband, quickly following the gift with an embrace, a loving kiss, and earnestly spoken:—"*Dios vos garde caro mio!*" and in ten seconds more Von Platen was in the saddle riding away diagonally towards the hills at a furious gallop in company with the stranger.

Dona Cardinelle explained all she knew of the affair, which was that the stranger was a countryman of her husband's—a distant relative she thought, and being in some difficulty that required a sum of money to extricate him from, he had by mere chance met her husband, who had loaned, or given the sum required, was gone to see his friend out of trouble, and would rejoin us by the time we were ready to ride, or very soon thereafter.

All quite satisfactory so far; but when an hour and a-half had passed and we should have been in the saddle, and Von Platen had not returned, we became at first uneasy at his absence; then delaying another half-hour we became alarmed, and in council having determined to encamp for the night where we were, we left servants, sumpter mules, and all our camp equipage, and rode away towards the hills in search of our lost friend.

For more than four hours we rode to and fro along the base of the range, scattered widely as we hunted singly and in couples, penetrating into all the notches between the hills, but finding no trace of the missing man until it was gray dusk, when as we had all gathered into one body again, and were returning towards the camp through a little shallow ravine, Monteiro and the doctor reined up short by some dark object that was lying in the way before them—something that in the uncertain dusk bore the outlines of a human form. As several others of us rode up and dismounted, we discovered the object to be a dark blue and red *poncho* thrown over something in such a manner as to entirely conceal it from our sight. Monteiro lifted the poncho and uttered a sharp exclamation of horror—which in the next instant was echoed by Dona Cardinelle in a piercing scream, and our beautiful Bell Bird of the *Val de Dulce* would have fallen from the saddle but for the prompt supporting arm of Dona Juanita D. Alba. The lifting of the sombre shroud had revealed the body of our missing companion, stark dead and stripped nude with the exception of drawers and an under shirt of raw silk. The ghastly, distorted features and a broad, purple welt about his throat, told too plainly to be misunderstood, the manner of his terrible death—strangled by the *lariat* of infernal brigands.

After a brief consultation four of us were just on the point of spurring away towards the camp—less than half a mile distant—for the purpose of bringing out a litter that we always carried, and two of the pack mules for the transportation of the body, when we were suddenly arrested by the rapid discharge of fire arms coming from the direction of our bivouac. In a few moments recovering from our astonishment, and leaving the poor stricken wife clasping in her fainting arms the inanimate form of her murdered husband, in the care of Madam Cosmo, Senora Monteiro, and Dona Juanita, we drove spurs fiercely into quivering horse flesh, and *en masse* dashed head long towards our camp.

The quick rattle of rifle, revolver, and musket shots subsided suddenly before we had passed half the distance. After which there were a few desultory discharges, two or three cut-cries as of pain—and then there was only an indistinct clamor of voices, and a furious barking of dogs. Driving within our circle of fires and dismounting, we found our camp in such a condition of confusion that chaos would have been order compared to it. Our out-door household had been attacked by a party of vagabond out-laws, who had made a fatal mistake in attempting to murder our dependents and plunder us during our absence. They had never dreamed of finding peon and *cholo* servants armed with rifles and revolvers, or commanded by such fearless fellows as Joffrine Dominguez, and our ebony African prince, the stalwart Shieko. The result of their mistake was their total discomfiture, the death of four of their number, with six of the rascals hopelessly hurt, among them their leader—one Martinus Garcia, for several years notorious as a robber chief, and altogether as villainous a sample of humanity as the country could present. The wretch, though shot through the lungs, and his face horribly disfigured by a slashing blow from some one of our peons great clever like *espadas*, was still fighting furiously with Shieko as we dismounted, but the black, Brazilian giant beat the desperate outlaw down with a swinging blow of his great cane knife, and falling, as he did, close to one of the blazing fires, we discovered that he wore a green blouse or loose frock embroidered with silver, which from its peculiar pattern, and more certainly by the initials wrought on the breast, we recognized as the well known garment of Adolph Von Platen. So there was an explanation of our friend's death—murdered by the robber Garcia and his fellow-outlaws. But the wretch had escaped our vengeance. Shieko's last blow had placed the brigand chief beyond our reach.

So soon as we had restored something of quiet and order in our camp, we hurried back with mules and litter to where we had left the murdered man watched by his widowed wife and her three female companions, to find—*no one*. All had disappeared—the stark, strangled corpse, the distracted wife, whom we had left lying unconscious on her dead husband's breast, Madam Cosmo, Senora Monteiro and Dona Juanita, had all most unaccountably disappeared—gone in the darkness, we could not even form a conjecture how or whither.

The remainder of the night and all the following day up to noon was spent in a continuous and vigorous search in every direction, without, however, discovering the slightest trace of our missing companions. There were two of us—Monteiro and myself, desperate by the mysterious disappearance of our wives, and doubtless either of us, or for that matter, any one of our party would have proved a dangerous acquaintance to a Peruvian of any class, guilty or not guilty, had chance brought us in contact with one during the search for our lost wives, dead friend, our poor stricken Bell Bird and Dona Juanita, who was dear as a sister to us all. Fortunately we came in contact with no legitimate object of vengeance during the entire day that our persevering search was continued without intermission, as from some cause, inexplicable to us, the male population of the district which, during several days previously, we had met with frequently enough, had somehow mysteriously disappeared, and during all our rapid riding, far and near, we only saw women and children from whom no information was to be obtained beyond a vague, uncertain report that Don Diego Santa Clara, one of Santa Cruz's military chieftains was in the neighborhood, not far off, with some two hundred armed partisans of the defeated political party, levying contributions upon the people of the district, and impressing men and horses wherever found, with the purpose, it was thought, of inaugurating a formidable military force to still further dispute the great political question with the President elect. To avoid these forced loans and conscriptions, the men of the region had fled with their horses and money to Guancavelica, the nearest fortified town, where there was a garrison of some five hundred government troops.

It was very nearly sunset, and having consolidated our party after an unsuccessful search for our lost friends, we were riding slowly and sadly enough towards our camp, when we were suddenly aroused by the rapid approach of two horsemen who came galloping towards us from the westward, one of whom riding several yards in advance of the other came dashing on, hallooing and gesticulating furiously with his right arm, the hand of which grasped the hilt of a sword whose bright blade gleamed in rapid flashes in the bright rays of the setting sun. The frantic, headlong rider was within five hundred yards of us, still yelling and flashing above his head his bright blade, when Dr. Bond shouted almost as wildly as the wild rider himself:

"By the blue vault of heaven—it is. Ay—I tell you it is Von Platen himself! Hurrah! Viva, brave bug-hunter!"

Yes, it was the brave bug-hunter sure enough. Our veritable Swedish savant, never more alive in all his life; but in such a guise that but for his clear, musical, ringing voice, not one of us would ever have recognized him, though he had ridden in among and fairly over us. In place of the blue and red *poncho*, black sombrero, and suit of sober gray in which we had last seen him, he wore the light-green, silver-braided pantaloons, crimson, gold-laced coat, white silk scarf, and military chapeau, corded, tasseled and white plumed of a republican Peruvian major-general; and a handsomer general officer in the armies of any country never sat in saddle than was our brave bug-hunter so mysteriously restored to life and brought back among us. His companion was the handsome, fair-haired, bearded and blue-eyed stranger in whose company he had ridden away from us. The stranger's costume was entirely changed too from a suit of olive brown to the full-dress, showy uniform of a Peruvian colonel of dragoons.

As soon as Gen. Von Platen came within speaking distance we began to ply him with all manner of questions, which he cut short off with snatches of speech that in his great excitement he jerked out in detached fragments as loud as he could bawl:

"No time to palaver, gentlemen!—You must all ride with us—ride like the win!—This is my countryman—Albert—Count of Linedorf—a firm friend and true as steel! He will beat lead and command us—They are all there—safe so far—my darling Cardinelle—Cosmo, your wife—Yours, too, Monteiro—And Dona Juanita—They will be protected so long as Don Diego Santa Clara lives—But if they kill him as they threaten to do—God help our dear ones! It is five leagues—Let us ride."

So we did ride as only those can do who hurry forward to save lives ten times more precious than their own. Wearied and worn as they were by the day's hard service, our good horses bore us bravely, and at the end of two hours we entered at full gallop the single street of a small, straggling village, just beginning to be lighted up as we entered from the eastern side, by the glare of a burning building recently fired at the other extremity of the hamlet. Then there came to our ears, first, a rapid fusillade of musketry, followed by desultory, dropping shots, and spurring on at a rapid gallop, and turning an acute angle we came all at once upon a scene that set all on fire in every breast as many passions as the human breast is capable of entertaining at one time.

On one side of the street, a hundred feet or so in width, huddled within an *adobe* arch, the roof all in a fierce blaze above their heads, were our lost wives, while two yards in front of the group, supported on one hand by Juanita D. Alba, and on the other by a very beautiful girl or woman in years no more than a girl, stood an extraordinarily handsome young man in the gorgeous green and gold uniform of the defeated political party, bravely defending the five ladies and himself, against a party of more than fifty ruffians—his own revolted followers, who like sneaking cowards were firing upon him and the women from the cover of a low *adobe* wall across the way. The gallant young officer was already severely hurt, faint and bleeding profusely, but supported by his beautiful girl-wife, and our brave Bostonian he returned the fire of the cowardly assassins as rapidly as Senora Monteiro, Minnie and Dona Cardinelle could load the pistols and pass them to his hand.

"Don Diego Santa Clara!" cried the handsome Swedish count—"St. George to the rescue!" shouted O'Harra—"Charge, and cut and slay!"

"*Muerou los salvages!*" echoed impulsive Kate, riding next her gallant husband, and the impetuous ex-British hussar led the whirlwind charge against the renegade assassins. For a brief space there was sharp work with swords and revolvers—hot hunting of cowardly assassins by the light of Don Diego's blazing headquarters; and then—it is safe to say that very few of those who had revolted against and attempted to kill their gallant chief ever engaged in another revolution of any sort.

We learned that Von Platen and his friend the young count had been plundered and stripped of their clothing by the rascal robber chief, whose career Shieko had put a period to in our camp. That after being robbed they had been compelled to accompany a portion of the robber band to the village, where by Don Diego's management they had been supplied with the uniforms they wore upon their return to us, they being the only respectable suits the young colonel was able to procure for them. As for our wives and Dona Juanita, they had been captured and carried off while watching beside the body of what we all thought was our poor bug-hunter, but which turned out to be a stranger of whom none of us knew anything—their captor being one of Col. Diego Santa Clara's captains, who carried them to head quarters, and who upon being compelled to place them under the protection of his commander, had instigated the mutiny and attempted assassination which we arrived in the very nick of time to prevent the consummation of.

The brave young colonel was severely wounded in five several places; but placing him on our patent litter we conveyed him by easy stages to Ica, where the unceasing devotion of his lovely wife, the kind and constant nursing of those whom he had so gallantly defended, and withal the bracing breezes from the Pacific, soon made a man again of the young colonel, and so ardent friends of both himself and wife that they begged permission to become members of our Bohemian family. We accepted them as two of "ours," and never once through the remainder of our wanderings did one of us ever regret our choice.

☞ By the explosion of a boiler in this city on Thursday, the 6th, one end of a five story brick building was blown down, and seventeen persons crushed and burned to death, besides several who were greatly injured. The cause of the explosion has not yet been ascertained.

☞ The King of Abyssinia, like a chivalrous soul, adheres to his declaration of love for Queen Victoria, and says he will hold the English Consul in prison until Her Majesty consents to bestow her hand upon him.

☞ The Town Council of Hanover, York county, Pa., have passed an ordinance providing that any person who shall steal a cat, or kill a cat for the purpose of obtaining its skin, shall be fined $10, with costs of prosecution, for each offence.

☞ The Marion (Ohio) Independent says that thirteen human skeletons, of an extinct race, were found in an excavation for a cellar in that place lately, and expresses the opinion that the hill upon which the excavation was made is full of similar remains. "Two of the skeletons were of females, the rest of males. The females, when living, must have been taller than the average of men of the present day. The males must have been seven or eight feet high."

☞ The Atlantic Cable Company have published a statement of their receipts during April, which amounted to $178,700 in gold, the largest number of messages being sent from Europe to America, 1,410, as compared with 1,142 from America to Europe. They estimate their business from the opening on July 28th, 1866, to the end of April last, to have brought them $1,221 646 in gold.

☞ Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere. It does not lie in the magnitude of his outward agency. Perhaps the greatest in our city at this moment are buried in obscurity. —*Channing.*

☞ A young girl was arrested in Newark on Wednesday, for an attempt to steal a waterfall from the head of another female in the street.

☞ The Brazilian Minister has addressed a letter to Mr. Seward, in which he says that he has no official notification that a decree emancipating the slaves in Brazil had been issued by the Emperor, Don Pedro. It is all a mistake.

☞ A friend visiting an intelligence office for help had a Bridget pointed out to him. "What can you do?" he asked of the damsel. "I don't want to talk with a gentleman who asks such a question," was the indignant reply.

☞ A blind man had been sitting one day and pleasantly chatting with some visitors for an hour, when one of them wished the company good-morning, and left the room. "What white teeth that lady has!" said the sarcastic blind man. "How can you possibly tell that?" said a friend. "Because," was the ready answer, "for the last half-hour she has done nothing but laugh."

☞ The Buffalo papers are excited over the appearance on the street of a husband of ninety, carrying his infant of eight months', while his wife of seventeen walks by his side.

☞ Samuel Dunn is the only Revolutionary pensioner now living, and a joker thinks it curious that "Dunn" should close the list.

☞ It is said that every farmer, with one single exception, has planted corn, and, unless some mishap occurs, Southwestern Georgia will be able to export corn next year.

Hints to Horse-Keepers.

Never feed grain or give water to a horse when warm from exercise. Sweat is not always a sign of warmth; place the hand on the chest for a test. Water given after a meal is safer than to give it before.

Never drive fast or draw them hard immediately after giving food or drink.

Never drive faster than a walk with heavy loads.

Do not let horses stand long in the stable at any time in the year, without exercising.

Feed regularly, and in quality according to the appetite of the animal and the labor it performs.

Do not drive or work long in storms.

Do not let the horses stand in the stable cased in boots of dried mud and coats of matted hair. Groom them.

At all times in the year make your horses comfortable when tied in the stable. They cannot help themselves there.

Teach your horses to trust and have confidence in you rather than fear.

Where the Ivory Comes From.

About 24,000 oxen are killed each week to supply the city of New York with meat. The bone known as "shinbone," and all the leg from the knee to the hoof, falls into the hands of Mr. Peter Cooper. He contracts with the butchers and market-men to supply him, and in this way about 100,000 shinbones per week find their way to his establishment. All the muscles are taken from them, the gluten is extracted, and the clean, white bone is kept to be worked up into parasol handles. In this way Mr. Cooper has made an immense fortune, and many ladies who supposed they were admiring a beautiful carved ivory handle to their sunshades, riding-whips, etc., have only been gazing upon the shinbone of an ox,—the very animal, perhaps, which supplied them with their morning's beefsteak!

NECESSITY OF RECREATION.—Men of the firmest nerves and the most established principles have need of occasional repose in order to recruit their forces, and to recover the due tone both of body and mind. The stoutest frame is impaired and the hardiest virtues grow sickly and languid by unremitted exertion; and what Lord Bacon says of silence, that it is the rest of the soul and refreshes invention is here more generally applicable; and it is in the silence and calm of retreat that all our powers, natural or moral, are refreshed and invigorated and made prompt for further service. Like our mother earth, we require respite at certain intervals, lest by being overwrought we become impoverished and unproductive.

A REMARKABLE WISH.—Old Madame Rothschild, mother of the great capitalist, attained the age of ninety-eight. Her wit, which was remarkable, and her intellectual faculties, which were of no common order, were preserved to the end. In her last illness, when surrounded by her family, her physician being present, she said in a suppliant tone to the latter, "Dear doctor, try to do something for me." "Madame, what can I do? I can't make you young again." "No, doctor, I don't want to be young again; but I want to continue to grow old."

☞ Lord Granville, Chancellor of the University of London, remarked on a recent public occasion that he had been charged by a bishop in the House of Lords with incompetence to discuss the subject of education, on the ground that he had no children. "A recent circumstance," he gravely added, "has put me in a better position; but I cannot say that it has changed a single view I ever held on the subject of education." That was a neat use to put a baby to.

☞ Miss Buchanan, once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did it.

☞ A man is on trial in Detroit for the seduction of his wife, after having been divorced from her and married to another woman.

☞ The fair sex recognize cotton as their "bosom friend."

☞ A model return upon a writ was made by a deputy sheriff in Indiana. It was: "Served the within; but was fit with brickbats by the woman, so that I could not serve it."

☞ Anna Dickinson says there is scarcely a woman who has not said to herself, at some time or other, "I wish I were a man," and she never yet knew a woman who found her path blocked who did not wish to be a man; but she never yet met a man who did wish to be a woman for forty-eight hours. Anna libels her sex—all but the "strong-minded." A true woman—one worthy of the name—is not only satisfied with, but proud of her position in the universe.

☞ Woman is a necessity, which Providence has converted into an enjoyment.

☞ As some young ladies were playing croquet in Detroit, a day or two since, one of them was accidentally struck a severe and nearly fatal blow in the temple by a mallet in the hands of another.

☞ A prominent New England journal says an aged man, who has been in the habit of rising early during a long life, gives the following advice: "Place a basin of cold water by the side of your bed; when you first awake in the morning, dip your hands in and wet your brow, and sleep will not again seal you in its treacherous embrace." But if you would consult health, get your sleep out.

☞ No one will hereafter be admitted to membership in the Vermont Conference M. E. Church, who uses tobacco in any form.

☞ Absence destroys small passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers and kindles fires.

☞ A girl in Springfield, Mass., applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on the plea that they had company at home. The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons that the School Committee think sufficient to justify absence, and asked her if her case came under any of them. She naively replied that it might come under the head of "Domestic affliction."

☞ One man wagered another that he had seen a horse galloping at a great speed and a dog sitting on his tail. It seems an improbable feat for a dog to accomplish, but the man was right, and won the money. The dog was sitting on *his own tail.*

☞ Mlle. Nunez, a girl of 11, wore $100,000 worth of diamonds at the late children's ball in Paris.

Villainous.

The compositors of the Idaho Statesman must be afflicted with mysterious caligraphy. Hear what the editor says in their behalf:—"The compositors in this office wish that 'Don Loud,' our Owhyee correspondent, would quit writing his letters with a pewter spoon. The lines made are scarcely discernible. Just as well to use sweet milk and a splinter. Try a change of fluid, by all means—good black ink, for instance. Correspondents generally will please remember to always write the FIRST THREE LINES, at least, of their letters in a (to printers only) legible style—just to let us have a sort of vague idea of the subject. By so doing, we think our boys can always dish up for them quite a respectable correspondence."

☞ Women talk for them elves, think for their husbands, and dress for their enemies. Your wife's finest gown is worn as a weapon of defence.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar6-eowtf

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—How painful and annoying it is to have the lips cracked and chapped, so that one can scarcely open the mouth or smile. A single application of the Ointment makes the skin soft and well. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, D D., H. HERER BULL to EMMA R., daughter of the late Lorenzo N. Henderson, M. D., both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. ROBERT MANNING to Miss MARY A. COOKE, both of this city.

On the 30th of May, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr JOHN D NUTTALL to Miss EMMA BAYINGTON, both of Frankford.

On the 21st of May, by the Rev. Pennel Coombe, Mr. STEPHEN C. BEINE to Miss KATE TORRANCE, both of this city.

On the 30th of May, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOSEPH BURNLEY to Miss SARAH J. RICHARDSON, both of Delaware county, Pa.

On the 21st of May, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, JOHN W. PAUL to MARY H., daughter of Chas. M. Warner, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, after a lingering illness, JOHN ASHTON, infant son of James Ashton and Hannah Jane Jackaway, aged 9 months and 11 days.

On the 3d instant, JOSIAH STEWART, M. D., in his 75th year.

On the 5th instant, Capt. GEORGE W. WATSON, in his 53d year.

On the 3d instant, THOMAS WILSON, in his 30th year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. CHARLES GILBERT, in his 48th year.

On the 1st instant, Mr. REUBEN BRADFORD, in his 60th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARGARET A. FRENER, in her 64th year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs CATHARINE HUNSICKER, in her 66th year.

On the 31st of May, EDWARD B. SPANGLER, in his 31st year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 3000 bbls sold at $8@9 for superfine, $9,50@10,50 for extra, $10,50@12,50 for low grade and fancy northwest family, $12@13,50 for Penna and Ohio family, $14@16 for California, and $14@17 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—100 bbls sold at $7,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There is little or no demand for Wheat. 2000 bus fair to good Penna red sold at from $2,50@2,75; small lots of prime do at $2,80@2,85, and California at from $2,90@3 ₩ bus. Rye—800 bus prime Penna sold at $1,60. Corn—70,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,17@1,20; 20,000 bus of Western mixed sold at from $1,13@1,16 ₩ bus. Oats—25,000 bus sold at 79@80c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Small sales of new Mess Pork are making at $23,50@24 ₩ bbl; prime Mess at $22@22,50, and prime at $20 ₩ bbl. Mess Beef is selling at $17@20 for Western, and $22,50@24,50 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 15@17c; Sides 12½@13c, and Shoulders at 10@10½c ₩ lb. Green Meats—850 tcs new pickled Hams sold at 14@14½c; 100,000 lbs salt Shoulders at 9@9½c ₩ lb. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs at 13½@13½c ₩ lb; kegs at 14c, and No 1 Lard at 12½c ₩ lb. Butter—Small sales are making at 16@22c for roll, and 9@15c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 12@13c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 18c ₩ doz.

COTTON—About 700 bales of middlings sold at 26½@27c for Uplands, and 27½@28c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of No 1 Quercitron at $41,50 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 40@41c ₩ lb.

COAL—We quote White Ash at $4,50@4,75, and Red Ash at $4,75@5 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime Western at 80@85c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern are recorded at 6@6½c, and Western at 6½@7c. Dried Peaches range at 11½@12c for halves; 10c for quarters, and 25@30c for pared.

HAY—Best quality timothy Hay sells at $1,90@2 ₩ 100 lbs; mixed Hay at $1,75@1,80, and Straw at $1,60@1,80, according to quality.

HOPS—Prime new sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ₩ lb.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing; 100 tons of No 1 Anthracite sold at $41 ₩ ton; No 2 at $40@42, and Grey forge at $39@40 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig is quoted at $44@45.

SEEDS—Cloverseed, we quote prime at 8@8,50 ₩ 64 lbs. Timothy sells at $3,25@3,50, and Flaxseed at $1,45 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 10½@11c for city rendered, and 10½c ₩ lb for country.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 550 head. The prices realized from 19@21 cts ₩ lb 300 cows brought from $45 to 70 ₩ head Sheep—3100 head were disposed of at from 6@7 cts ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $9@10,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "eldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving, - - - - 4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in addition to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of five cents.

SEA MUSIC.

I.

The gray unresting sea,
Adown the bright and belting shore,
Breaking in untold melody,
Makes music evermore.

II.

Centuries of vanished time,
Since the glad earth's primeval morn,
Have heard the grand unpausing chime,
Momently aye new-born.

III.

Like as in cloistered piles,
Rob bursts of massive sound upwell,
Ringing along dim lighted aisles
With spirit-stirring spell;

IV.

So on the surf-white strand,
Chants of deep peal the sea-waves raise,
Like voices from a viewless land,
Hymning a hymn of praise.

V.

By times, in thunder notes,
The booming billows shoreward surge;
By times, a silver laugh infloats;
By times, a low soft dirge.

VI.

Souls more ennobled grow,
Listing the wordless anthem rise;
Discords are drowned in the great flow
Of Nature's harmonies.

VII.

Men change, and "cease to be,"
And empires rise and grow and fall;
But the weird music of the sea
Lives, and outlives them all.

VIII.

That mystic song shall last
Till time itself no more shall be:
Till seas and shores have passed,
Lost in eternity.

☞ In a school recently, a teacher took occasion to relate an anecdote of the little girl who tried to "overcome evil with good," by giving a new Testament to a boy who had ill-treated her. The story was appreciated, for, a few minutes afterwards, one boy struck another, and being asked the reason, said he was "trying to get a Testament." This was a practical bearing altogether unexpected.

☞ A clam merchant, meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered a beautiful specimen of a living skeleton, remonstrated with the owner, and asked him if he ever fed him. "Ever fed him! that's a good one," was the reply; "he's got a bushel and-a-half of oats at home now, only he han't got time to eat 'em."

☞ It is a miserable thing to live in suspense, it is the life of a spider.

RECOLLECTIONS.

'Tis past—but yet I see it still,
That sunshine on the shore;
The roses on the window sill;
The ivy round the door;
The light and shadow flitting round
Each old familiar tree,
Along the line of grassy ground
That slopes towards the sea;
And through the western windows low
The setting sunbeams pour,
And flit and flicker to and fro
Upon the matted floor.

The little porch—I see it yet—
Where summer flowers twine,
And all their fragrant blossoms net
With leaves of glossy vine.
And with their sweetness stealeth slow
A thought of hours gone by,
All lighted with a golden glow
Of sunset in the sky;
And memories of the pathway fair
That wound along the bay,
And of one sweet hour wasted there
One blessed summer day.

One little hour, along the shore,
As arm in arm we strayed,
And listened to the ceaseless roar
The restless waters made;
And watched the shadows in the deep,
The sunlight on the land,
And saw the tiny wavelets creep
To kiss the golden sand;
Till all the glory seemed to die,
And daylight was no more,
And darkness crept along the sky,
And silence on the shore.

That hour is past—it came and fled
As all life's beauties will.
The roses—they are long since dead
Upon the window sill;
The little porch is lying low,
The shore is far away,
And other eyes may watch the glow
And sunset in the bay:
And where the shining pathway gleams,
And on the golden sand,
Now other hearts may dream their dreams,
And other feet may stand.

And softer sounds may come and go
Upon the summer air:
And other lips may whisper low
The words we whispered there;
And other roses climb the wall,
And wreathe the self-same spot,
And blush at other vows let fall
Like those that we—forgot.
But never shall an hour so bright
Return to her or me,
As that which left us when the light
Grew dark upon the sea.

"The Best Man Wins Her."

CHAPTER I.

Hid away in the loveliest part of Perthshire, nestling among the often-sung Braes of Balquhidder, lies Loch Voil, upon the shores of which Rob Roy lived and died; and where, in the quiet lonely kirkyard rests "Clan Alpin's omen and her aid." There are M'Gregors still in the clachan of Balquhidder, M'Gregors who speak with glistening eye and heightened color of the chief, and amongst whom no tales are so popular as those which treat of the wild days when the clan with the "name nameless by day" was at once the terror and protection of the country. Every child knows the story of the feuds between the M'Laurens and the M'cGregors, and how the Stewarts of Appin, coming to help their kinsmen, were met by the clansmen at the clachan, where Roy Roy challenged any one of Appin to single combat, eager, by ever such personal hazard, to avert the horrors of a battle. They will tell you, too, how the great Duke of Athol exhausted his time and patience trying to catch Rob Roy; and the story of the funeral, when Lady Glenfalloch, thinking her brother was slain, sprang upon the duke, and, dragging him from his horse, gave him such a taste of the tenderness of the M'Gregors that he took timely warning and retired, leaving Rob to bury his mother in peace and quiet.

Some ten years ago a descendant of Rob Roy's, Helen M'Gregor, was the beauty of Balquhidder. Helen was a fair, blue-eyed, golden-haired lassie, with whom life had been one long laugh, and to whom the world seemed to bear neither frowns nor clouds. Her father, Tam M'Gregor, was a farmer, and well to do for his station; his sons helped him on the hills, and Helen was a tidy hand in the house, quite able to take many cares from her mother's shoulders.

Their cottage stood away from the clachan, near the foot of Meal-mach. A lovely little steading it was too, with high gray rocks on one side, on the other an oak and birch wood, among the branches of which the soft summer breezes, when they had kissed the lake into a ripple of delight, would sigh, and whisper their pleasant songs of brighter and warmer lands.

Tam's cottage had served the wants of many a generation of McGregors, here a little and there a little being added, as the owner's family increased or his fortunes prospered. The thatch was matted together by a flourishing growth of various plants, wallflowers and house-leek predominating. Roses and honeysuckle flourished in the narrow border, and clustering round the windows, met gay and thriving geraniums, votive offerings from the gardener at Glenbuckie, who was one of Helen's many admirers. Helen, being fancy-free herself, was wont to make a joke about love; and not caring for either fairs or gatherings, escaped much of the gossip which attaches to other girls. Yet quietly as the little maiden lived, she could no more avoid lovers than can the violet hide away her treasures from the bee. "Love will venture in whar he darna weel be seen," and accordingly Helen's lovers were neither few nor slack in making their way to the farm; while, much to the girl's discomfort, her mother took pride to herself in counting the stalwart, well to-do lads who would take a place by the ingle nook, and while talking to the farmer of the ewes, wool, and markets, would hope to catch a stray glance, kinder than usual, from Helen; who, however, went on with her spinning as if no eyes were seeking hers, and there were no such thing as love or wooing. And many a lad doubtless thought with Hobbie Elliott, that "whittling a bit stick wi' a thread trailing to it" was but poor and tiresome work.

One man came oftener than the rest, so often that it was whispered about that Helen and Duncan were courting, nor did Duncan attempt to deny what he wished in his inmost heart was true. He had loved Helen long, and had only waited for a farm to enter the lists openly. Now he had a farm and decent house to take a wife to, he thought the right time had come; and soon, seeing he had the goodwill of both father and mother, he was content to wait patiently until some happy day when Maggie's heart would waken up and his love meet its reward. And if Duncan was patient, it was because, never having doubted his success, he experienced a sort of gratification in beating down his passion, or anticipating from a distance the time when Helen would spin by his own hearth, and pay him back tenfold for what she made him suffer now.

The honest folk in Balquhidder called Helen a lucky lassie, and watched the courting with general interest, not unmixed with envy, for Duncan was one of the handsomest and steadiest of the young men; more than that, and what perhaps went even further among the girls, Duncan was the champion wrestler, runner, and hammer-thrower and twice had he carried off prizes from the Braemar Gathering. Duncan's courting had made no further impression upon Helen when the Gathering of 185– drew on. All the world went to Braemar that year, and Duncan, much to his own surprise and the indignation of the Balquhidder people, was beaten both in wrestling and throwing by a new comer, a young man who, by his superior style of dress and manner of speech, was evidently from a different part of the country, if not indeed of a different rank in life to that of the irate young Highlander; and when standing hot and angry after his last failure, he was by no means comforted by seeing Helen's cheeks redden before the glances of the victor, who, cap in hand, introduced himself to Tam M'Gregor as the son of his old friend, Niel Lesley, and saying that he had come to the Gathering on his way to Balquhidder, his father having told him of the sheep-farming there, and how, for auld acquaintance' sake, he might be lucky enough to get his lesson in the management of flocks from Tam himself, a lesson he meant to put in practice as a farmer in Australia. Tam was pleased to find his friend had not forgotten him, nor was he proof against the compliment neatly offered to his farming skill. Moreover there is never a lack of hospitality among the Celts, and Tam made his young friend welcome to the best his house afforded so long as he liked to stay.

Niel was a fair-haired, blue-eyed man, tall and light-limbed, but with the muscles and sinews of a prize-fighter. He had been at the High School in Edinburgh, was well up in modern topics, and able to hold forth upon subjects which rarely reached the ears of the inhabitants of the Braes, except when the shooting season brought down the great folk, and the great folk brought their servants; then politics, parliaments, and the court, were familiarly discussed in every shieling.

Niel was no idler, either in work, or play, or love. Everything he set his hand to he did in the manner which, we are told, is sure to succeed. So no wonder that, falling in love, as he did at once, he roused what poor Duncan had watched and waited for in vain; and, waking up the sleeping heart, brought the love-light into the sweet hazel eyes, that softened and drooped now as they had never done before any man's gaze. There was no question of love speech between the two, and yet, before the summer came, Helen had found out what a different place love could make the world. There had never been such heather on the hills, or bracken and wild roses on the braes, as now bloomed: the love-filter was acting, and nature took tone, as it always does, from the heart.

"How bonnie you're growing, Nelly," said Tam, one day, as Helen came running up the grass, her hair escaping from the sky-blue snood, the gay cotton short gown coming half-way down the striped linsey petticoat, which was just short enough to show her neatly clad feet and shapely ankles, coquettishly arrayed in bright stockings, with elaborately-embroidered clocks. "What's come to the lassie, wife? She's breakin' the hearts o' half the lads in the place. There's Duncan, puir lad, fient a smile he'll gie now, but gangs as doon—"

"Whesht, faither!" cried Helen, shutting his mouth with a rosy little palm. "Here's Duncan comin'."

As she spoke Duncan stalked up to the door. It was easy to see that something had gone against the grain; the expression of his face, the tone of his voice, his very gait were changed; his clothes were thrown on with a carelessness unlike former days, and his eyes, restless and bloodshot, turned uneasily to Helen, as he made some commonplace remark to her father concerning the weather.

Helen's color deepened. Something in the man's eyes struck like a knife to her heart, and lay there rankling, making the hot blood spring to her face, and the hand that had been on her father's mouth clench fiercely as if to beat back some burst of angering indignation. But the flush faded the next moment, and a shudder shook her from head to foot, for Niel came in from the hill, and as he turned the corner of the hedge, and Duncan's eyes fell upon him, Helen saw the thick, black brows drawn passionately together, the big veins start like knotted cords, and the strong teeth set hard in the nether lip. She saw this, and even then her heart sank with an undefined fear; but it was not until some days afterwards, when the braes were ringing with the mysterious disappearance of Niel Lesley, that the full significance of that look was revealed to her.

CHAPTER II.

Many and various were the reports circulated, until by the expiration of four days they all settled down into one strong judgment against Niel—a judgment which Helen's contours of grief and pale-stricken face unwittingly strengthened; and it was firmly believed that Niel, having won her love, had grown tired of her, and, to rid himself of her and his debt of gratitude to her father at once, had made a moonlight flitting. Duncan openly took little part in all that was said, so much so, that those busy people who are always, in all ranks, looking after their neighbors' affairs, began to hold him up as an example of unselfish generosity. There was one, however, to whom his silence had a different signification, and that was Helen, who, from the day the alarm was given, had remembered that afternoon when she saw, as plainly as if written in black and white, the hatred unto death stamped in Duncan's face. She alone, watching as none other could, heard the impatient manner of speech and saw the strange look that had come upon the man's face; and a horrible suspicion and dread filled her mind, harder to bear than all the cruel things raised against Niel's character. There was one small ray of comfort left—a collie dog she had given Niel had disappeared the same day he was missed. He must be alive if Moss was with him; and if he had run away, as the people said, he would scarcely take such a continued sting to his conscience as the faithful dog must be. So, in spite of the deadly fears that would at times overwhelm her, Helen held fast by hope, hiding her anxiety as best she could by getting away amongst the hills, and wandering about where she would meet no one to pity or condole with her.

The fifth day had come; it was a busy time, too, for they were gathering the flocks off the hills previous to the shooting season, and so it came about that Helen fell in with a flock in a lonely pass on the road to Ben Ledi, and, eager to escape the shepherds she scrambled up the banks and hid herself among the whins.

Down the pass came the sheep, filling the air with their voices, stopping now and then to snatch a mouthful of heather. Presently, glancing away to the hill side, Helen caught sight of a dog bounding down over scaur and bush; but not until it was nearer and, diverted by the sounds in the glen, had turned aside and taken its stand upon a rock along the foot of which the sheep were passing, did she recognize her old collie, the very Moss she had given Niel. Helen's heart leapt to her mouth as she leant forward to watch the dog, who, falling into his old trade, stood yelping and howling over the flock, waking every echo in the pass, and rousing a perfect storm of bleating.

Helen tried to whistle, but her lips were shaking and dry. Then she called him by name. The dog came rushing up to her, and was soon whining at her side, licking her hands and face. As soon as she could see anything clearly through the tears that were blinding her, she saw that a blue ribbon was tied round Moss's neck, nearly hidden amongst the thick wool. Helen recognized the ribbon: it had once been hers; and she knew no hand but Niel's could have tied it there, and— But suddenly she ceased thinking. She had unfastened the string, and found a little bit of white calico, and read on it, written in blood, the words, "*Help! Reiver's Crag*"

Helen cannot tell to this time how she got home; but in little more than half an hour the clachan was deserted, and men and women were all on their way to the Reiver's Crag, a barren rock among the mountains, from which it was said a Cumberland reiver had been flung in the old days. The miles of moss and moorland were soon crossed, and by evening Niel Lesley was rescued from a living death, and safe, but not sound, at Tam M'Gregor's. Sound, poor lad! they whispered, he never would be again.

"He had slipped over the Crag, and in going down had caught at a whin-bush, which checked the impetus of his descent, and instead of going to the bottom of the cleft, he had fallen on a ledge. Here Moss had followed, but it was the fourth day before he could get the faithful dog to leave him, and bear home tidings that might save him."

Such was the account Niel gave, and such was the story that met Duncan as he came home from Callander, whither he had gone early in the day.

Time passed on, and the shooting season brought many a visitor to Tam's cottage, for Niel's story was the romance of the year. He was still unable to walk, but his health was all right, and the doctors said he might get strong again in time. Niel never complained, nor could he, with such a nurse as Helen fluttering round him, propping him up with fragrant pillows stuffed with fresh-gathered heather and bracken, gathered, too, by the little hands that were so strong and ready with their labor of love. It was only when pain kept him restless at night that the thought of being a cripple for life crushed him, and brought out all the training given by a good mother, and the staunch religious feeling inherent in almost every Scottish heart, the spirit that gave the world what Alexander Peden called "the praying folk," who carried their religion triumphantly through those terrible days when a bloody scaffold was thought a good shelter.

It was nearly a month since the day Niel had been carried home from the Crag. Night had just come, still, warm, and almost like twilight. Tam was smoking his pipe preparatory to his early bed-time, the women folk were knitting, and Niel, lying upon a couch the laird's sisters had sent him, was reading "Rob Roy" aloud, much to Tam's perplexity, who interrupted many times with denunciations against the text. Suddenly the open doorway was darkened, and Duncan stood in the entry.

"Welcome, lad," cried Tam. "You're just in time to hear the havers they bulk folk put in print about the M'Gregors. Read that again, Niel, that we may say—"

But Duncan interrupted him.

"I didna cross the door to hear lees read. I cam to speak about a lee, to tell ye—" and his voice grew louder and hoarser as he spoke—"to tell ye that ane ye like weel is a leer. We're a' frien's here," he said, in a different voice, looking round.

"Ay, ay, man. Sit doon," said Tam, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and turning to have a better look at Duncan. "Why, what ails ye, man?"

"Mickle ails me, Tam M'Gregor, and I cam on a grousome errand. I hae come to tak' awa' ye're faith in man for evermair, and to shame a hypocrite wi' the fair truth."

Helen laid down her knitting and drew nearer Niel; Tam glanced at him too. Niel's face was crimson, and his eyes, all dilated and eager, stared up at the great wild-looking man glowering down upon him, who went on speaking.

"Niel says he slippet doon the Crag. He didna slip. An enemy—"

"Stop him, Helen!" shouted Niel, trying to get up, but failing, he pushed the girl towards Duncan. "Stop him, for God's sake! The lad's mad. He doesn't know what he's saying. Don't listen to him, Tam. He's a fine fellow, and you all hear me say it. Duncan, man, shake hands with me, and do go quietly away, and let well alone."

Duncan's answer was to drop down upon his knees by Niel's side, and, covering his face with his hands, sob aloud.

"Na, na, Niel, I canna let alone. I maun tell them. Let me bide, lad; it's the fittest place. And when I hae your forgiveness I'll gang on my knees to the Almighty; but I canna ask Him till I hae confessed my sin."

"Well, let me tell it, Duncan," said Niel, gently laying his hand upon the kneeling man's shoulder.

"No!" cried the other, sternly; "I'll no get the worst. Tam and Helen, I am a murderer, or as bad, for I had the thocht in my heart to take his life. Niel cut me oot wi' you, Nelly. Mad wi' jealousy, I said we'd gang to the Reiver's Crag and fight, and the best man shall win ye. Niel wad hardly gang till I telt him I'd ca' him through the country-side for a coward, and then he went. But when I got to the top o' the Crag the diel got possession o' me, and catchin' him unaware I hurled him ower, thinking deed men tell nae tales. I never thocht o' the collie. When I heard tell he was fund, I was like to gang mad. Every fut I thocht was a pollis; but when the days passed, and Niel never tauld, it was waur than a'. The hot burnin' coals were heaped on my head, burnin' and smotherin' i' the brain, till this gloaming the thocht cam to mak a clean breast, and then gang awa' whar I'd never see a kenned face till the day o' judgment. Oh! Niel man, ye ken what loving her is; but even you canna tell what my heart was, and how neither bluid nor damnation were ony worth if I could only ha' won her here. Ye canna forgive me, Nelly lass, for I hae made him a cripple; but just say, 'Duncan, I'll ask the Lord to forgie ye,' and I'll gang awa' content."

Tam was the last to hold out the hand of forgiveness; but he, too, did so at last, and then Duncan went away.

Upon the top of the bank he turned, and, cap in hand, stood looking at the cottage. "Poor lad! he's prayin', maybe," thought Mrs. M'Gregor, who had followed her old favorite to the door.

Two years afterwards, and a few weeks after Niel and Helen were married, a letter came to the former—a letter written by a comrade of Duncan's, and then they knew for the first time that he had enlisted, and, going to India with one of the gallant regiments afterwards nicknamed "Sir Colin's petticoats," the poor broken-hearted lad had found the death he coveted before the walls of Lucknow, and was lying mortally wounded in the hospital, where he dictated his first and last letter to Niel, bidding him good-bye, and telling him to let the Balquhidder folk know the true story of the Reiver's Crag.

I. D. FENTON.

Graveyard Philosophy.

They have a grave-digger at Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, who is a fair match for the grave-digger in "Hamlet." One gets some grim views of living as well as dead humanity by visiting a show grave-yard such as his. He has given many lessons not soon forgotten:—"It's a little grief and a good deal of pride that makes 'em do it, sir. I don't mean to say that it ain't natural. It is natural. Nater can be found in a cemetery as well as anywhere. One afflicted family puts up a monument, and another afflicted family wants to out-do it. And they generally does of it's done at once. If it's put off a little they gets more reasonable." "Time cures all ills." "Well, it does. I've seen a party put in that vault to stay till a lot could be bought and a monument put up, and the grief was deep. You'd 'spose there was no end to that grief, and no bottom either. Well, at the end of three months the company has had trouble to get them to take out the party and give it a Christian burial." "There are exceptions to that." "In course—any number of 'em. I can show you graves here ten years old, and every summer you'll find fresh flowers strewed on 'em." "More flowers than monuments." "Can't say that. Real deep-feeling grief belongs as much to the rich as to the poor. Leastwise I find it so. But dying is as natural as living, and in course people goes over it. Therefore is it that monuments come up with the first burst. Then graves that have flowers over 'em for more than a year isn't healthy graves." "What do you mean by that?" "I mean that the mourners ain't in their natural health, or they'd find their feelings directed to the care of the living."

Marriage.

The editors of the New York Evening Gazette have been asked by some of their young lady readers if they believe with the Apostle Paul that it is best not to marry. To this query they reply as follows. The fact that the givers of this advice are bachelors does not, we suppose, militate against its soundness:

"Yes, and no, dear girls. That depends upon circumstances. A husband is like a blacksmith's largest hammer, in being a very handy and useful article to have about, if you need it and can manage it, and very useless and malapropos if you don't and can't. Speaking chemically, marriage is mixing the oil and water of opposing tastes, unless the alkali of genuine love be added, in which case you have soap and smoothness, and glide through life easily. Or we may vary the expression a little, and may say that love is a solvent which unites. It is indispensable, it is delightful, it is powerful; but the trouble is, that a great many people are fatally apt to mistake a weak solution of sentiment and romance for the genuine extract whose power and flavor will last through life. Don't be in any hurry to try these chemical experiments for yourselves, dear inquirers—check aprons are better than chignons, and housekeeping should be studied under mamma's tuition before you try chemistry under your own. In this matter don't be eager to take Time by the forelock, lest he roughly take off your own locks, the bloom from your cheeks, and the light from your eyes."

Bores.

For inscrutable reasons, bores are permitted to exist; and it is perhaps most dutiful and brotherly to accept them as we do mosquitoes, whose useful purposes none can see but which all are called upon to acknowledge, rather than by ceaseless grumbling to chafe and wear out their spirits. Bores are not the only things whose raison d'être is at present beyond our ken; and they may prove, after all, to have been the checks and stops of the social machine, without which it would have run on to destruction or crumbled into chaos. We should remember, besides this, that, intellectually speaking, there are probably beings to whom the brightest souls that ever enlivened the earth would be unmitigated bores. Even Sydney Smith and Brinsley Sheridan might be bores to higher intelligences, and such a reflection should inculcate modesty and teach us to possess our souls with patience.

☞ A young lady at a temperance meeting said:—"Brethren and sisters—Cider is a necessity to me and I must have it. If it is decided that we are not to drink cider, I shall eat apples and get some fine young man to 'squeeze' me; or I tell you that I can't live without that delightful nectar, the juice of the apple!"

TOO TIMID.

You look into my face as if
  You had an anger in your heart;
Pray speak, and tell me if I have
  In waking is a part.

You say you loved me. Ay, indeed!
  You loved me as you loved your life;
And only waited time to ask
  That I might be your wife.

You waited time, sir! Know that Time
  Turns liquid heat to frozen cold;
Withers fair flowers and rots ripe fruit,
  And changes young to old.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
  Your hand was always loose and chill;
It never closed and sent through mine
  A swift electric thrill.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
  You never struck one fervid blow
Upon the red door of my heart;
  Your knocking was too low.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
  You stood too far, and never came
To let the love-fire of your eyes
  Set my thoughts all a-flame.

You stayed too long; another spoke
  And showed his love, a costly thing;
He looked it, lived it. Now I wear
  Upon this hand the ring.

If you had spoken as he spoke
  I might have answered to your claim;
But now too late. And not to me
  But you belongs the blame.

Learn wisdom, sir. A woman sees
  All that a man may dare to show.
You showed me nothing. Now, good-bye;
  I leave you here, and go. A. N.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE HOLLOW WAY.

Lord Ulswater's most direct route to his home at St. Pagans was one which diverged from the white down road, along which carriages journeyed to and from the abbey. By turning sharply to the right, and plunging into the defile of a very deep and narrow lane, it was possible to save a mile of the distance. This lane, however, which was one of those peculiar to the southern maritime counties, was not one fit for any vehicle more delicately constructed than a common spring cart, and was seldom made use of, even by carters, except in dry weather. In wet weather, the mud was fetlock deep at the best, and in the ruts was supposed to be bottomless, for it was a lane the roadway of which it was no one's business to repair—dusty, uneven, strewn with huge flint stones washed from their chalky beds by the rains of long years.

The weather was beautifully fine and dry, and, after a moment's hesitation, Lord Ulswater turned into the lane, where the steep, high banks rose sheer, like chalk-walls, tapestried with brushwood and rank grass. Another person, a pedestrian, who had kept the rider in sight ever since he left the parade of Shelton-on-Sea, turned into the lane too, and followed, cautiously treading on the soft patches of green-sward that skirted the banks.

It was one of Lord Ulswater's peculiarities to ride out alone. Even in London, he rarely permitted the attendance of a groom. In the country, never. "Servants," he had once said at his club, the Etesia, in one of those talkative moods to which even reticent men are now and then liable—"servants are spies. Old Q said so, and Old Q knew the world—or, at least, the worst part of it." Lexington had laughed, and had moved an exception in favor of yacht-stewards, as a necessary evil; and Chirper had declared himself spy-proof, as having no secrets, or power to keep them to himself if he had. But Lord Ulswater had been serious. He liked to ride alone; he did so now.

He rode a fine horse, bay with black points, a mettled creature fit for the park, and accustomed to the park, but very hot-tempered and troublesome for country backwork, and that chafed a good deal at being held back, as it had been since its master left the sea-wall. But that master rode on indifferent as to his steed's fretful humor, though the froth that clung to the bridle, and flecked the horse's glossy neck, and the way in which the brute tossed its head and champed at the bit, proved its restless impatience. Presently, annoyed by the flint-stones of the rough road, or snatching at some pretext for alarm, such as the rustling and chuckling scream of a black-bird in the holly hedge above, the bright bay broke out into rebellion. Not quite suddenly. The first signs of insubordination were a swerve and a plunge, and then, after a short interval, the snorting brute flung up his heels, tore at the curb, plunged again and again, more and more furiously, reared arrow-straight, and in his gathering rage fought, and foamed, and flung, reckless as the wild horse that seeks to dislodge his captor from the saddle.

It was a pretty sight, though a fearful one, too, to sensitive persons, had such been there, to watch that hot bay thoroughbred twist and writhe his supple muscular body like a fish, rearing, lashing out savagely, back jumping, and throwing himself into attitudes seldom to be seen but in the rough-rider's department of a riding-school, and some of which Rosa Bonheur would have been glad to transfer to canvas. But there were no such sympathetic spectators there, no one at all save Bendigo Bill stealing along beneath the hedgerow; and even he, with all the glow of his hatred firing his blood, could not help uttering a surly snarl of unwilling admiration. "What a chap that is! The devil throttle him! I wish he'd break his neck—but he won't. I've seen fellows ride out in Australia, and I thought I knew what it was; but I never did see such a man as this in my life."

And, indeed, no stock-rider, used to chase and be chased by half-wild bulls over miles of bush-leaps in the wildest part of New South Wales—none of those centaurs of the antipodes, horse-compelling as they are, could have seemed more absolutely part and parcel of his mad plunging steed than did Lord Ulswater. He was not vain of his riding, did not hunt above a dozen times in the season, and never deigned "to show off" as some men delight to do. But the bay might as well have tried to shake off his saddle as to unseat its occupant. Lord Ulswater backed the brute as Alexander backed Bucephalus.

"Ah, that's your sort!" ejaculated the ruffian, cowering under the shadow of the hedge, as he saw the frantic horse rear up three times in succession, his fore-feet pawing the air, and each time more and more perilously. "Ah, now you've got it!"—and as the fellow spoke, after a vain effort to recover himself, crash! the rearing horse fell back with dreadful violence upon the road—now you've got it!"

But Lord Ulswater had not "got it," in the sense of the old Latin phrase, *Habet*, which Bendigo Bill had unwittingly quoted. It was only the horse that had gone crashing backwards, and it was the empty saddle that had resounded with so dead and hollow a thud upon the flinty roadway. Active, cool, and watchful, Lord Ulswater had sprung to the ground as the horse reared for the last time, and he stood unhurt upon the turf. The animal lay half-stunned, and Lord Ulswater stooped to pick up the rein that he had let go as his feet touched the ground. For the first time, his face was turned towards Bendigo Bill; but that worthy crouched behind a bush, and was unseen.

With much composure, Lord Ulswater got the terrified horse, shaking in every limb, and completely sobered by the shock, upon its feet, and examined its legs, which proved to be uninjured by the loose stones. He patted its neck kindly enough. "Poor fellow, you have got the worst of it!" he said in his slow, scornful way; and then, after waiting for a minute to allow the now submissive creature to recover its breath, he drew the bridle over his arm, and prepared to lead it homewards; but in this he was rudely interrupted.

Bendigo Bill, from his lurking-place behind the bush, had watched, with interest not quite devoid of a reluctant admiration, the issue of the contest between horse and rider. But when Lord Ulswater, unhurt in body, unshaken in nerve, unruffled in temper, had patted the foam-spotted neck of his four-footed servant standing beside him, panting and submissive, something in his gesture recalled to the tenacious memory of the eye-witness that night of humiliation when the champion of the East London roughs had been ignominiously defeated by a swell. There stood that very swell, smiling, calm, indomitable—Apollo condescending to disguise his glorious limbs in the ugly attire of a gentleman of the nineteenth century. It was too much for a garroter's flesh and blood to bear.

Hastily, the scowling scoundrel thrust his hand into the right-hand pocket of his dingy flannel coat. "All right," he muttered; "the old 'protectioner' is here." Mr. William Huller's protectioner was a short but heavy mace, devised for the cracking of skulls, and more accurately styled a life-preserver. It was a formidable weapon of its class, with a supple stem or handle of twisted whalebones, a weighty ball of lead at each end, and a leathern thong and loop. Grasping this murderous implement in his strong hand, Bendigo Bill crept softly on to within springing distance, and then, with a bound that brought him to the side of his intended victim, delivered not one, but two, of such hard and spiteful strokes as no Aryan could have sustained without fracture of the brain-pan. There was something sickening in the sound of these heavy crashing blows, dealt as by a butcher's pole-axe.

But the strokes of the life-preserver, well meant as they were, did not alight on Lord Ulswater's head. A slight accidental movement saved him from the first blow, which dashed off his hat, and fell upon his shoulder. The second spent its force upon the arm that was suddenly lifted to ward it off. Even thus endured, the blows of that pliant weapon were violent enough to warrant the confidence with which Bendigo Bill closed in, grasped Lord Ulswater by the collar and by the throat, and strove to bring him to the ground. It was a fatal mistake.

The garroter had an artless contempt, very usual with men of his order, for the prowess of gentle-folks. Those whose fortune had assigned them to the purple-and-fine-linen category, were, as he knew, softer of skin, and less familiar with hardship than himself—*argal*, they were easily to be worsted. Granting, for the sake of argument, that a swell might be so far educated in finite science as to protect himself, the younger Huller was yet assured that in a rough-and-tumble wrestling-match the swell must succumb. He himself had experience to appeal to. Enthusiastic critics in Australia had declared that Bendigo Bill's hug was as the hug of a bear. Perhaps it was so; but to what could be likened the slow, pliant, resistless pressure of those arms that were now thrown around the robber's sturdy frame? Surely, to nothing so much as the gradual tightening and closing of the striped folds of some huge serpent, python or boa, enfolding its prey. Bendigo Bill struggled hard: rage, and shame, and fear, all lent him force; but his breath was going fast, his arms were pinioned to his sides, and still that terrible grasp tightened, till it seemed as if ribs and breast-bone must be crushed together. He looked up.

He looked up, and then, for the first time, fear came upon him. He was a bold man, this Bendigo Bill, and had fought and murdered when his blood was up. Very ugly customers, to use his own phrase, had he gained the mastery over; and very grim visages, black and white, had glared and grinned close to his in the grapple for life or death. But he had never thus been pinned, suffocated, compressed as by some irresistible force, and yet looked up into a face as was smiling down upon him, now. No pity, no anger in those bright eyes of his antagonist; no frown on that broad white brow; and the firm, clean-cut lips were as fixed as if they had been of marble. Even then, when his own hot face was livid and purple, and his mouth gaped for the air that his laboring lungs could not supply, even then, Bendigo Bill could take speedy, terrible note, to wonder that Lord Ulswater's breath came as regularly as ever, that the color in his cheek was scarcely deepened, and that he seemed able to crush his enemy, body and bones, upon his own breast, as if that breast had been an iron anvil. The powerful arms tightened their hold.

The torture was too much for Bendigo Bill. Black in the face, gurgling, weak as a child, he feebly gasped out the words: "Mercy! For God's sake, spare—" Then he seemed to faint, as he had fainted in Bermuda, when he had tried to escape by swimming, and the boat picked him up, dead-beat, with the shark's back-fin waving close behind. He recovered to find himself prostrate in the roadway, with Lord Ulswater's knee upon his chest, and his own loaded mace in Lord Ulswater's hand.

"Now, my man, do you wish to say anything; because, if you do, you had better be quick about it," said the victor, poising the heavy weapon aloft: "I am thinking of putting a stop to your professional avocations, once and for all."

Almost incredulous, the man looked up in his conqueror's face, and shuddered as he looked. Those cold, cruel blue eyes, that smooth forehead, that dreadful smile, made the strong, rude man's blood run as cold as the contact of a spectral hand could have done. Could his enemy really mean it—to kill him, smiling, calm, with the quiet deliberation of some cool fiend—to kill him? Why, my Lord Judge, with scarlet and ermine, would not do that. Three years' penal servitude—or five, as an old hand, perhaps—Mercy! he does mean it! All the ex-convict's doubts gave way as he saw the dangerous glitter of those eyes, now darkening from blue almost to black, and the shadow that crept like a cloud over the fair broad brow. The mace was uplifted.

"I'll die game!" He groaned out the words rather than spoke them, as he thought the thought. They seemed the parting requiem of Bendigo Bill. He was a British bull-dog of the true tough breed, though his unlucky steps had wandered in paths of crime since he was an urchin, and learned to be a thief. He made up his mind to die.

"I'll die game!" the miserable boast of many a felon, of many a murderer, striving hard to repress a shudder as he felt the loathed touch of the hangman adjusting the cord about his neck! It was the only appropriate death song that suggested itself, at the supreme moment, to a swan of so black a feather as Bendigo Bill. If a black Maval in the bush had brained him with a war-club, he would not have minded that so very much. Had some ruffianly companion "knifed" him in a drunken scuffle, he could have accepted such an end with some philosophy. To be hanged, would not have seemed otherwise than as a run of unmitigated ill-luck, such as fell to the lot of few of the Ishmaelites of society. But to be knocked on the head, like a bull in the shambles, in cool, premeditated fashion, such a fate was less supportable, and what made it seem the more ghastly and unnatural was, that the executioner, self-appointed, should be a gentleman. Bill could not make it out. Gentlemen, so he believed, were but a mealy-mouthed and white-livered race, slow to shed blood, easily deceived. They had scruples as to the summary chastisement of his pals and himself, scruples which he despised while he profited by them. For every deserved conviction, he had had a half-dozen of undeserved acquittals. When he had been at the bar of justice, it had seemed the first object of every one, magistrates, lawyers, judge and jury, of all but the abhorred police, to give the prisoner the benefit of a doubt, and discharge him. But here was a swell who had conquered him, and was about to kill him, as he had killed others, far off among the gum-trees and tea-scrub, under the Southern Cross.

The thing could be safely done, too; the garroter knew that well. He was a man of known bad character. There were warrants out to apprehend him. Robbery with violence was his trade, notoriously. He had attacked Lord Ulswater, and if he were to receive his death-wound in the affray, the coroner's inquest would return a verdict of justifiable homicide, and the newspapers would laud the slayer's gallant conduct to the skies. Bendigo Bill's manes would be unappeased by any legal consequences. He groaned, as he saw the trap into which he had thrust himself, closed his eyes, and awaited the final blow.

"Get up, man!" It was his captor's voice that bade him rise; and the pressure of his captor's knee upon his gasping chest was abruptly removed. "Get up, I say. I am not going to do you any harm," repeated Lord Ulswater, stirring the prostrate figure with his foot. Incredulous, sullen, but by no means inclined to renew the fight, the beaten man arose. He stole a sidelong glance at the victor's face, and saw that the dark shadow had passed away from it, and that Lord Ulswater was eyeing him with rather an amused look of recognition.

"You and I have met before," said John Carnac, in the easy, almost playful tone which was more familiar to his friends' ears than any other: "in Great Popplewell street, was it not? I see by your ingenuous face, my friend, that I am not mistaken. I have a remarkably good memory for a face I have seen before, a gift for which *you* should be grateful, for it has saved your life. I care no more for shortening the existence of a man of your class than for crushing a black beetle, but I remembered you, and spared you on that account. Can you guess why?"

No; Bendigo Bill could not guess why. At least, so monstrous did the hypothesis, that he had been spared on account of his former assault upon Lord Ulswater, appear to him, that he could only hang his head, and shift his feet uneasily, without speaking. Lord Ulswater laughed. He had a curious silent laugh, that he seemed very much to enjoy, but which created no contagion of merriment in others.

"You cannot guess?" he said quietly. "Then I will give you the answer to the puzzle. At first, I took you for a common robber, with no higher motive than to get hold of my watch, and the few pounds in my purse; and it was not until I knew you, and felt sure that you owed me a grudge, and had done your best to repay me for the knock-down blow in Great Popplewell street, that I resolved not to send you to your master, St. Nicholas, before your time.—No; I read your thoughts; but you are mistaken. I am not going to hand you over to the police—nothing of the sort. A fellow who is capable of revenge, must have some feelings in him beyond the mere mercenary wish to clutch a handful of money, and so—Mr.—Mr. —— What's your name?"

"Hull—that's to say—leastways, they calls me Bendigo Bill!" returned that bewildered person.

"An alliterative name. It shows you to be a man who has travelled, too," said Lord Ulswater in his strange half-jesting way. "Well, Mr. Bendigo Bill, I forgive you—go in peace. And as introductions should be mutual, I'll give you my name. I am Lord Ulswater, and a county magistrate; and I live at St. Pagans, three miles from here. I mention this, in case you should not be aware of the fact, and also because, in your own interest, I advise you, as a friend, not to try my patience by a third attempt to dash my brains out.—Now, good-bye to you."

The face of Bendigo Bill, just then, would have been a study by which Lavater might have profited: wonder, incredulity, joy, struggled oddly with other unaccustomed feelings. His rage was quite dead within him. As for the shame of defeat, he felt it no more than an ordinary Roman gladiator would have done at being thrashed by some disguised demigod, Hercules or Pollux. It was no disgrace to be beaten by such an antagonist as that, who seemed more than man. But that was not all. The outcast had been so little used to the mercy of conscious strength, so used to associate clemency with weakness, that it was not till Lord Ulswater turned to go that tears—real tears—rose to the eyes of Bendigo Bill. To be grateful, was a new sentiment to the poor fellow. His voice was almost choked as he hoarsely swore a great oath never, as long as he lived, to lay a finger on Lord Ulswater again; and more, to be that nobleman's servant to command, to the last drop of his blood; and serve him truly in anything.

"Like your dog, my lord, if so be you'd please trust me," he said earnestly.

John Carnac was a good judge of the sincerity of others. He took a steady look at the working of the man's rugged face, and laid his gloved hand on the shoulder of this new vassal, who was as eager to swear allegiance as he had lately been to do murder.

"I take you at your word, my man," he said kindly enough: "you may help me one day, who knows? I believe you mean what you say. Are you staying at Shelton for some time?—You nod. Very good. I shall see you again. Are you in any distress for money?"

"No, I'm not, sir—my lord—not just now," answered Bendigo Bill, in a burst of candor, and then added: "And my name's William Huller, and I'm known at the sign of the *Fishermen*, if wanted—so there!"

The magnanimous, perhaps self-sacrificing completeness of this avowal was heightened by the evident effort which the speaker made to blurt it out in a breath, lest he should change his mind, and vitiate the confession by a lie.

Lord Ulswater laughed again. "I rather like you, my man," he said pleasantly. "I certainly must see you again. You have no sermons to fear from me; and I might be of use to you, and you to me. This little toy I return to you. Don't be too free in its employment. It is like an edge-tool—apt to hurt the owner." And as he spoke, he gave back the captured life-preserver.—"So, now catch my horse." The horse was grazing quietly at half-a-dozen yards away, and was easily caught; and Bendigo Bill held Lord Ulswater's stirrup as he mounted, as officiously loyal in his service as any groom could have been. That crowning act of restoring the leaded "protectioner," with the confidence and the fearlessness that it implied, had quite won Bill's heart. "He trusted me," the man said to himself twice over, long after Lord Ulswater had unconcernedly ridden off, and after he had watched the horseman's gallant figure disappear amid the overhanging banks of the deep lane. "He trusted me!" And with another oath, horrible in its terms, but not unchivalrous in the spirit that prompted it, to be true to his new patron, so singularly acquired, Bendigo Bill trudged back to Shelton-on-Sea.

The new patron was quite right in his estimate of the ex-convict's character. John Carnac rarely made a blunder in his judgments on the nature of those around him. He had been a born chief of men or boys, somehow, and had shown his appreciation of other people's qualities, ever since he was at once captain of the eleven and captain of the boats at school. Huller *fils* was not altogether bad; he was not by any means so incurable a case as his quasi-respectable father. He had in him the stuff of a good grenadier, of a sturdy sailor, of a policeman who should have been valued as the apple of his inspector's eye. The wild dingo that rends and gnaws live mutton at the colonist's expense might be converted, in the course of a generation's domesticity, into a decent sheep-dog. There was much of waste power in Bendigo Bill, now fervent in his new faith as a pardoned rebel, who almost worships the exceptionally generous sovereign to whom he owes his life and land, royally spared, with the sunshine of a king's kindness to add grace to the boon. Lord Ulswater had gained a willing slave.

CHAPTER XXII.

RUTH GIVES ADVICE.

"Come home—come home—come home!" Of how many letters, written on paper or papyrus, scratched with steel stylets upon tablets of wax, painted with a flowing brush by scholarly Chinese clerks, hieroglyphed by dark-browed priests of Isis, have those urgent words formed the burden! Many an old Crusader, panting in his sultry camp among the hot ravines of Palestine, has listened, while some monk or mass-priest read out, in nasal sing-song tones, the contents of a letter in queer French or quainter Latin, calling upon the good lord to come home before his lands should be quite laid waste, his wife quite have forgotten him, and his vassals be quite beggared by the encroachments of greedy neighbor and needy king. To-day, to-morrow, the same summons will be flashed along the telegraph wires, bidding lazzards to come home lest worst betide; and the second column of the *Times* will adjure the lurkers within the Cave of Adullam to return, and let by-gones be by-gones.

In this strain it was that Ruth Morgan wrote to her brother, now making great progress in his parliamentary campaign. Letter after letter did she pen, begging and praying him to come back. It was not, she said, that any object of his could be devoid of interest to her; but though she entered keenly into all his hopes with regard to public life, there were other things at stake more important still. Why not, since matters were going so pleasantly in Oxfordshire, why not leave the affair in the hands of Mr. Sharples, the agent, and come back to Shelton and Flora Hastings? It would be better—indeed, it would. Ruth had nothing to say against dear Flora—but—but why did not William leave the electioneering tactics to the practised skill of Mr. Sharples, and come back to look after his own?

There was, however, one fatal disadvantage under which Ruth Morgan labored in this well-meant effort to call back her brother to the side of his betrothed. She could not bring herself to accuse Miss Hastings of levity, or of fickleness; and something seemed to warn her against the mention of Lord Ulswater's name. To occasion a possible quarrel between her brother and Flora, to give Flora, when she should be his wife, cause to hate her—these were contingencies from which Ruth shrank as she would have shrunk from deadly sin. It would break her heart, she felt, were her brother to become estranged from her—the last living thing she had to love in the world. And she was wise enough to know how very difficult it is for a brother's kindly feelings to remain unaltered towards a sister whom his wife dislikes. She could not bear to run such a risk as that. It was the one spark of selfishness she had left in her, poor girl, tried and tested as she had been in the fire of life-long suffering, but to make an enemy of William's wife was more than she could venture to do, even for William's sake.

She knew her brother—did Ruth Morgan, and understood his character in that tacit way in which we see, without owning it, the faults and foibles of those who are very dear to us. He was fond of his invalid sister, but very much of this fondness was due to habit. William Morgan's was not a nature in which family affections could take deep root. Her influence would be but a feather-weight in the balance, should Flora be her foe; and, to do Ruth simple justice, she would not, had that influence been tenfold, have exerted it at the peril of bringing dissension into her brother's household. To charge Flora with unfaithfulness, was too stern a duty for Ruth not to shirk it as long as evasion was possible.

And was it a duty at all, the little casuist pleaded to herself in the long wakeful hours of the night? Perhaps not; indeed, certainly not, for was there not the probability of an error in judgment on her part, and had she not done Miss Hastings, and Lord Ulswater also, for the matter of that, grievous wrong by her over-ready suspicions? Nothing was more likely. Was it a sin for a high-spirited girl like Flora to take pleasure in the conversation of so accomplished a man as Lord Ulswater? Ought she to be expected to mope like a caged bird robbed of its mate, or to immure herself like a nun, because William Morgan chose to canvass Oxfordshire? If her visits to the abbey were neither very many nor very long, was it just to blame her for not caring to pass long afternoons in the society of a sickly, crooked thing like her poor stupid self, and a prim, proud old dame like dear, kind, quaint Lady Harriet? Ruth was quite angry with herself for expecting any more attention from her lovely neighbor than that lovely neighbor thought it proper to bestow.

So Ruth Morgan, in her voluminous but somewhat one-sided correspondence with her busy brother, was forced to appear in the false light of a feminine busybody, who made a fuss for no good reason, and who was importunate without showing cause for such importunity. And, indeed, it is doubtful if William Morgan ever read the crossings of her letters, or did more than skim hurriedly over the salient features of each successive epistle. As for coming back to Shelton just then, that was absurd, as anybody with the commonest knowledge of the world, anybody, indeed, but poor Ruth, must have known. It was the crisis of the election.

For the member for Oxshire was dead. Poor Colonel Seymour, who had long lain in desperate case on his sick-bed at one of the spas in Germany, was dead at last, and those who had waited for some impatient weeks for the reversion of the colonel's shoes, politically speaking were now jostling and battling to win the widowed constituency of the shire. The Conservative Club had suddenly sent down their best man, well supplied with professional assistance, and had tried to carry the county with a rush.

The short notes which Ruth received from her brother were very hopeful in their spirit. He had been first in the field; he had taken pledges of support from crowds of influential electors. Overflowing audiences in all sorts of halls and assembly-rooms had cheered him, and waved handkerchiefs at him, and shaken hands with him till his right arm ached under the infliction. Privately and publicly, his backers were confident of success. Sharples, his man, was twice as good and safe a Mephistopheles as the Conflagrative agent, who had already fallen into one or two pitfalls of his opponent's digging. The duke's influence was on the other side, of course, but the duke had been so ill advised as to issue a high-handed ukase to his tenantry, pretty bluntly bidding them choose between their farms and their consciences; and all the papers were hard at work at it fitting a well deserved fool's cap upon his grace's head, for such unpardonable want of tact. Morgan must win; so every dead wall in Oxshire declared in giant capitals, and the voices of the living took up the cry.

There is a hackneyed French proverb which declares that the lucky at play will be unlucky in love, and *vice versa*. Perhaps it is scarcely possible to give full attention to two such incongruous pursuits at one time, but, an anyrate, in whatever peril of shipwreck might be Fortunatus Morgan's prospects of matrimonial felicity, he was on the high tide of political prosperity. The Right Honorable Robert rubbed his sleek white palms together with dry official gleefulness as he heard of and from his son-in-law to be. Miss Hastings was pleased too. It would look so much better in that column of fashionable intelligence where "marriages in high life" find a niche, the announcement of the nuptials of her daughter with William Morgan, Esq., M. P. for Oxshire, and a Lord of the Treasury, than if there were no tag to the bridegroom's name other than his territorial possessions in England and Wales.

The writ was to be issued on such a day, the nomination to take place on such another, and then came the poll and the tug of war. But Fortunatus was quite sure that he could get through the ceremony, the chairing and speech-making and nonsense, and be back at Shelton in time for the great picnic, so called, at St. Pagans on the 4th. That was reckoned as an engagement.

For this nominal picnic, an unwonted amount of company had been invited to spend a few days at the abbey. Lady Harriet, wishing to please her nephew, but groaning over every note she penned in her stiff, neat handwriting, had asked two or three families that were known to possess agreeable daughters, by way of enlivening the dull old pile during the short stay of the guests who came at Lord Ulswater's invitation, and who were rare birds worth the catching.

Some half-dozen of London men, and no more, had Lord Ulswater asked to his house, but these were the very chiefest dandies of Dandydom, the sublimated cream of society. Some were of the Etesia Club, but not all. The Etesians were Lord Wyatt, Trefocne, and Chirper of the Life Guards. The outsiders of that jealously guarded institution were men of great social note—Gunnesley Fitzgeorge; Lord Macdirk, old Lord Kilsporran's eldest son; and Sir Harry Bleckley, who was so rich that he required auditors and actuaries to examine the accounts of the land-stewards and agents for his vast Yorkshire estates; even as did that Oxshire duke against whom Fortunatus Morgan was doing fierce battle.

To have secured the presence of these young men, was no trifling triumph. Few, indeed, were the monsters (especially just then, at the finish of the London season, when even the best trained of fashionable hacks are disposed to kick at the restraints of the polite world, and run riot on the moors or on the Alps) where these exceptional prize-flowers of Mayfair would have been beguiled to visit. They knew their value, did Chirper, and Sir Harry, and Fitzgeorge, and had no desire to make themselves cheap by indiscriminate acceptance of hospitality. There were not, as most of them said with perfect truth, ten country houses in Britain where any

one of them would have gone just then; or half-a-dozen men who could have got them down to a glum old jail on a cliff, to be caged with a fossil old maid of quality, and a poor dying girl, with a crooked spine and without a grandfather, whose wistful face made a fellow disagreeably thoughtful. But John Carnac, rich or poor, was one of those half-dozen men; they could not refuse him.

The dovecots of Shelton Manor were fluttered by the arrival or expectation of these very fine birds, these fancy-pigeons of a dainty breed, at St. Pagans. Crashaw and others, his chums, grew a little nervous and doubtful of retaining their influence over young Warburton and the like, as well as of their own standing in the eyes of the unsophisticated young ladies from remote counties; for swells differ as much as diamonds do, and some are sure to outsparkle others. It seems hard, at first sight, to say why Crashaw of the Blues should feel as if he had lost four inches of his stature, as if his whiskers and tawny moustaches were getting limp, and his shoulders round, and his boots dim, at the prospect of meeting that other carpet-knight, Chirper of the Life Guards.

Crashaw was a fine-looking, honorable fellow, of an old stock, and respected in his regiment; but he could not swim in such waters as those in which Chirper, superb gold-n-mailed fish of the newest fashion, deigned to agitate his amber fins, and bask, supreme, in the sun. Chirper was very handsome, and great ladies petted him, and he was to be a lord, and would have as much of an ancient estate as the Jews could spare him.

But Captain Crashaw knew very well that it was not because Lieutenant Chirper was heir to the barony of Torporley, or on account of his dark eyes and ambrosial curls, or stag-like head, or the delicacy of his hands and feet, remarkable in a man of his inches, or even because he would perhaps save three or four thousand a year out of the fire of usurious interest, that Chirper was to him as Lombard Street to a China orange. Had that fascinating youth been as ugly as sin, and as poor as Job, and with no more connection with the British or any other aristocracy than Georges Dandin had, he would still have been of a higher water than Crashaw, flattening his nose against the bay-windows of choicer clubs—welcome at more palatial dwellings. There is no certain footrule whereby to measure the social rank of men and women; and Crashaw knew well enough that even if old Sir Marmaduke and his sons should die, and the baronetcy, and the Hall, and all the Northamptonshire property devolve upon his own insolvent head, he must still be content all his life long to play second-fiddle to Chirper.

"Why on earth has John asked these people? What am I to do with them? How am I to amuse them?" Lady Harriet asked, very ruefully, five or six times over, of her visitor Ruth. The old lady went about on hospitable thoughts intent, wrinkling and knitting her brows over the necessary preparations for receiving such guests in that neglected house, whose cold hearths were all unused to be surrounded by company. For all that, Lady Harriet was proud, in her secret heart, to entertain such pilgrims—pilgrims whose sandals were sure to be of the newest mode, and their staves of exquisite workmanship, and their wallets dainty toys, and the gourds at their sides gold-stoppered essence-flasks, redolent of the freshest perfume from Paris, and the very scallop-shell in their hats a jewel of price. The fashionable intelligencers of the press would chronicle the names of the distinguished sojourners at St. Pagans, and many of Lady Harriet's old friends would read and envy. There was balm in that idea, for much trouble and pain.

Meanwhile, although Lord Ulswater merely laughed when his aunt tried to consult him on the subject of her domestic difficulties, and carelessly rejoined that his friends must rough it, and that it would do Chirper and Macdirk good to mortify their flesh on a plain British diet, either he was better than his word, or some fairy watched over the credit of the mansion; for temporary servants, new furniture, carriages and horses, wine, hothouse flowers, and a portable conservatory to put them in, decorators, and all sorts of cunning artists, glided into the abbey day by day, and did wonders for its embellishment. Presently, there came pale, resolute gentlemen, who wore earrings, and spoke broken English, and soon appeared in flat cooks' caps and uniforms of white linen, and took the kitchens by storm. The preparations for the picnic went steadily on, and still Ruth Morgan's letters to her brother were filled with the same cry—"Come back, come back!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN CECIL STREET, STRAND.

The man—late an ordinary seaman on board the Australian clipper ship *Blackcap*, and whose further services Captain Battletop had been so desirous to secure—and the beautiful young woman with the dark hair and flashing eyes, who had welcomed him so warmly to Cecil street, stood side by side, and hand in hand, even now, when the first transport of mutual joy was passed, as if it was thus only that they could realize the glad truth of their reunion.

"Jem, husband, my brave, kind, patient Jem!"—so she said, holding fast to his arm, with her shapely head pillowed on his shoulder, and her dark eyes, not flashing now, but full of tears, gazing fondly up in his face; "I love you better than ever, dear, and how I have longed and longed for a look and a word all through the weary, weary voyage over that great sea!" Impulsive in all things, she began to sob now, and the man stooped to soothe and caress her into a calmer mood, with wonderful gentleness for one so hardy and so bold.

"There, Loys, there," he said, taking her hands, and drawing her to a seat; "sit down, my dear. The voyage is over now, you know, darling; and, after all, we could see each other sometimes on board ship, and I could bear all so long as I knew my Loys was well and loved me."

"Ah, but to meet before strangers, and as strangers, never alone, always with some one's eyes upon us, some one's ears ready to catch every word, had we been mad enough to risk discovery by speaking to one another. It was a torture, Jem—an ordeal like those they made poor wretches pass through in the old Saxon times, as I read when I was a girl.—But you don't know what I am talking of, dear fellow," she said, with a sob and a laugh.

"Well, I don't exactly think I do," answered the man, with great good-humor, patting his wife's little hand with his own broad bronzed one, as if it had been that of a child. "I never was very bookish, was I?—But these are snug lodgings, Loys, and you have managed cleverly, my girl, since you came ashore. It is not in a respectable, tidy, pay-your-rates-and-taxes sort of a crib like this that the blood-hounds would hunt for a gentleman come back from the lower side of the world without the Queen's leave."

Indeed, the speaker was right. The room in which the husband and wife were standing was a decently furnished apartment, neat and clingy, being the first-floor sitting-room of a very orderly and quiet lodging-house. Given, the necessity for living in Cecil street, Strand, at all, and there were not in that locality any apartments, to use her own favorite phrase, more desirable than those of Mrs. Britton, the landlady. They were clean—as clean as could be expected in the carbon-laden atmosphere of mid-London; and their proprietrix, who, in her mittens and "turned" gown of black silk, had an odd family-likeness to the hard, shining, black horse-hair couches and chairs of her parlor furniture, was a good sort of woman enough, who had seen better days, of course, but who honestly owned to having seen them in the still-room of the country-house where she was lady's maid. The best and most expensive set of rooms was, of course, what Mrs. Britton loved to call the drawing-room apartments; and these chambers of state had been secured by the dark-eyed young person who was addressed as Loys, but who had given her name as Mrs. Fletcher.

The sitting-room was decidedly a neat one of its class; and its black sofa, with its hard and slippery bolsters—uneasy resting-place for aching heads; its six black chairs, one high-backed leathern throne such as dentists buy for the accommodation of their clients, and one beehive arm-chair in bronzed basket-work; its loo-table, work-table, and chiffonier of mock-mahogany; its dismal slip of looking-glass, meant apparently to chasten the vanity of those whose faces its sickly surface reflected; its grate, stuffed with cut white paper; its russet rug, and brown carpet; and even the prints of George IV., the late Lord Eldon, the Iron Duke, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia of Gloster, which adorned its gray-papered walls, were good specimens of their kind. The lodgings were such as a married clergyman, not too plentifully provided with this world's goods, or a tenant-farmer of economical propensities, or the salesman of a Manchester house in the gray-goods line, might have chosen as his temporary abode during a fortnight's sober experience of the pleasures of the Great Babylon.

But it was a very unlikely resting-place to be selected by what landsmen, and, still more, landswomen, insist, to the rolling of the feelings of the persons principally concerned, in describing as a "common sailor." Something of this incongruity between the prim aspect of the lodgings and the picturesque grace of the handsome seafaring man at her side must have struck upon the young wife's mind: she looked uneasily around. "Jem, I don't think Mrs. Britton saw you, or the girl either; and I told the landlady that my husband was third-officer of a ship in the China trade, dear; and if she saw you in those forecastle clothes, she might suspect—Better change them at once, though it is a pity too," she said softly.

As she spoke, she touched the man's arm, as if to arouse him from a reverie into which he had fallen. Such musing moods, indeed, were rare with him; but perhaps there was something in the sudden change from the ship and the sea-life, with the Australian memories behind, to the midst of London, that occasioned him to be more thoughtful than was his habit. The house was quiet; quiet, too, was the street; and the low humming of a blue bottle-fly, that was vainly trying to get through a pane of glass, was very distinctly audible. But the window was partly open, and the roar of the Strand came hollow and hoarse, like the boom of the sea upon a stony beach, to strike upon the listener's ear. London, with all its stir and strife, and fret and toil, seemed to greet him with the mighty diapason of its millions of eager voices, and trampling feet, and rolling wheels.

The man started as his wife laid her hand upon his arm, and a sudden fierceness revealed itself in his sunburned face; but in a moment his eyes met hers, and he laughed good-naturedly. "I was dreaming, lass," he said, turning from the window; "and I almost fancied, then, that the Philistines were upon me.—It comes back to me, now, that you said something about these salt-water clothes not being fit for a person of my respectability, and perhaps you are right, Loys.—Are all the traps brought ashore?"

"All. The luggage is up-stairs, every atom of it. Mrs. Britton grumbled a bit; but I believe she was very much impressed by the sight of it. Here are some of the things, as you see, and the rest are in the bedroom behind," said Loys, throwing open the door of the room she spoke of, and pointing to a chest that stood in a corner: "see, James, that contains the suit I want you to wear, just at first."

The key was produced, the chest unlocked, and beneath a quantity of feminine wearing-apparel, there, sure enough, lay a complete suit of masculine habiliments, neatly wrapped in a large silk handkerchief. The custom-house officers who came on board the *Blackcap* at Gravesend, had no doubt had a glimpse at this package, but it was not amenable to duty; and why should not a widow, if so disposed, preserve the holiday clothes of her late lamented lord, either as a refresher to memory, or with a prudential eye to future espousals? Yet it was a pity, as Loys repeated, when her husband went to change his attire, and she remained alone in the little oblong slip of sitting-room, looking out into the arid street, where a houseless dog was sniffing at the area railings, in the wild hope of being fed, and where a little Savoyard, with a marmot under his arm, sat on a door-step, and hungrily, with his white teeth, gnawed the stale crust that his padrone had given him for lunch and dinner combined—yes, it was a pity to put an end to that graceful masquerade, and to turn the gay young seaman into a prosaic denizen of the land. "Happier for us both!" she murmured, "if Jem could be a real fisherman or a real pilot, and we could live quietly, and eat honest bread! And— Ah, well!"

There were tears again in the woman's eyes. Her moods were strangely soft on that day, for those fine dark eyes of hers were more ready in general to sparkle or to glow than to weep. She dried them with an impatient gesture, and turned smiling to meet her husband, whose hand was already on the lock of the door.

Yes, it certainly was a pity. The lithe, dashing forecastle Jack was gone, conjured away by the magic which a change of clothes can effect; and now there entered a dark-complexioned young man, in an ill fitting suit of glossy black broadcloth, with a silver watch-guard crossing his waistcoat, and a black-silk neckcloth neatly and formally tied in a square old-fashioned bow and ends. Thus clad, with his rich light-brown hair sleekly combed out and brushed over his broad low forehead, the man looked not only less handsome but less honest, and several years older. We have all seen working-men who looked noble fellows in their working-clothes, but whose appearance in their Sunday apparel was by no means such as to attract admiring notice. The soldier, too, who in his scarlet bears himself so gallantly, a front-rank man, with his good-conduct stripes upon his arm, proud of the service, and respected by his officers—that brilliant military butterfly is often turned into a poor civilian chrysalis, when he wears unaccustomed mufti, and goes on furlough to visit at his uncle's farm.

"I am a horrid Guy; I know that very well," said the man, coming forward, and casting a glance of disgust at his own image in the jaundiced mirror; "but it was your choice, Loys, my girl. A red neck-tie, now, to light up this suit of dismals a bit, or a fancy waistcoat, perhaps. Ah you shake your head, lass. All right. It is safest to be dressed in this sort of way, I believe, especially for a fellow that Sir Richard has on his books by the nickname of Dandy Jem."

"Hush!" Loys, looking round, with a finger on her red lips, from where she was on her knees beside an open trunk, made a playfully imperious sign to the incautious speaker to lower his voice—"hush! We have our little secrets, James, haven't we? We don't want Mrs. Britton, or anybody else, to guess what only we two know—that Mrs. Walsh, the widow-passenger on board the *Blackcap*, homeward bound, was the same person as Mrs. Fletcher, and that both names belong to Loys Fleming, that was once" (here her brow darkened a very little, and her voice quivered, as if painful memories were called up by the name)—"Loys Sark, that is now—or that my brave Jem and Dick Peters the sailor are one and the same." Her color heightened as she spoke, and she waved her hand towards him with a pretty gesture of fondness, that had something foreign in it, and then went on with her search in the box.

"But, Loys, the brave Jem is hungry—fit to eat a horse, I should say. We didn't have any regular dinner before the mast to-day," remarked the man, with a smile; and his wife left the room to hold high counsel with the landlady on the hitherto forgotten subject of the commissariat.

Fortunately Mrs. Britton was one of those landladies who do not much object to trouble when lodgers pay their way; and she had seen the yellow glitter of several sovereigns through the silken meshes of the purse which young Mrs. Fletcher had, as if carelessly, exhibited in their first interview, when the request for a reference had been parried by the offer of a week's rent in advance. She therefore bestirred herself so satisfactorily that hot veal cutlets, a roast chicken, and a cold ham, with a dish of mealy potatoes, and one filled with an unknown vegetable substance, bluish in tint, and sodden in consistency, and which its provider æsthetically described as "greens," were duly set forth on the loo-table, flanked by a black bottle and a jug of frothing ale.

"Loys, my lass," said James Sark, pushing his plate aside at the conclusion of the repast, "when are you going to see the child?"

"To-morrow," Loys answered, with her dark eyes bent on the table-cloth—"to-morrow. And I think, James, that I had better see Mr. Moss too. It will not be safe, I am afraid, for you to venture out much before we see how the land lies. Mr. Moss can advise us, I am sure."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ London has within its present bounds, extending over 222 miles of territory, a population amounting last year to 3,037,991, while around the ancient city of London, as far as a radius of 15 miles stretches from Charing-Cross, an ever-thickening ring of people extends within the area which the Metropolitan Police watch over, making the whole number on an area of 687 square miles, around St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, 3,521,267 souls.

☞ A mirage appeared over Lake Ontario, at Oswego, on Thursday week. Vessels otherwise invisible were seen apparently suspended in mid-heaven, some in proper position and others upside down.

☞ It is estimated that in gold, silver, bills, and bonds, there are in the United States, in the possession of banks, bankers, merchants, manufacturing, express, insurance, and other companies, at least $3,000,000,000, and in goods and valuable movable property in the hands of merchants and householders, at least an equal amount. From this $6,000,000,000 in money and goods, at least $100,000 are nightly stolen by burglars, amounting annually to more than $30,000,000. To guard against these losses, a company, having for its object insurance against burglars, is proposed by parties in Washington.

☞ In Schuylkill Co., Pa., last week, a dwelling over a colliery, being undermined, sank into a huge chasm, and was buried from view. The occupants, upon hearing the first crash escaped unhurt.

☞ Mr. Buchanan Read, the artist and poet, writes as follows concerning his picture of "Longfellow's children:"—"A photographic copy of the above-named picture, painted by me, having been widely circulated, wherein a fault in the attempted reproduction makes one of the arms disappear too suddenly, excited considerable comment among those who have not seen the painting. I deem it just to the fair originals of the portrait, as well as to myself, to say that the blemish is owing entirely to the manner in which the group is vignetted—the lower part being imperfectly given in the copy. As the idle gossip which has been circulated about this missing arm may be annoying to others, I wish to settle the matter once for all, that it has no foundation, either in the original picture or the subject."

☞ A grand match of picking pockets lately came off at the Paris Exposition between seven English and seven French professionals. They started at the same time on their raid, and on arriving at the place of rendezvous the Englishmen showed thirty-five watches and nine portmonnaies as the result of their skill, while the French plunder was much less. The Frenchmen then, according to agreement, gave the victors a supper, got them thoroughly drunk, took all their watches and money, and left, telling the landlord to collect his bill of the gentlemen who were upstairs on the floor.

☞ In Boston and New York the newspapers are complaining of the style of coffee served at the restaurants, and they think it would pay some one to start new restaurants upon good coffee principles. For our part, we never tasted good coffee at any hotel in our life—not even at the largest.

☞ Maximilian's fizzle cost $502,000,000.

The Price of a Wife.

The recent trial and decision of an aristocratic divorce case in London illustrates how differently these matters are managed in England and this country. The parties, plaintiff and defendant, were men of the highest social position, and officers of her Majesty's Oxford Blues. Captain Westcar took possession of the pretty wife of Major Maxwell. Major Maxwell placing, we think, too high a valuation upon a worthless wife, sued for a divorce, and claimed damages for the wrong which he sustained to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. The defendant took matters coolly, telling his counsel that "he was used to that sort of thing and did not mind it." The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, and gave him fifty thousand dollars with costs. As the income of the defendant was thirty-five thousand dollars per annum he trenched somewhat upon his property, paid the amount, and retains the major's wife. There were no pistols, no bowie-knives, and no guns heavily charged with buck-shot. A wife and some fifty thousand dollars changed hands, and thus it all ended. The English are a commercial and practical people. Very. But the price of unfaithful wives in that civilized and favored land is unreasonably high. The market "rules" higher than in New York and Boston.—*Exchange Paper.*

A SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE.—Professor Doremus, of New York, recently delivered a lecture, in which, as we learn from the Druggists' Circular, he introduced several illustrations of the constitution of gun cotton. The lecturer once placed a linen handkerchief in an explosive condition, and then had it thrown into the wash. His servant girl washed, dried and sprinkled it ready for ironing, without her being aware of its character. The moment she placed the hot iron on the handkerchief, it vanished into thin air, much, of course, to the astonishment of Bridget. Had such a thing occurred before the principles of science were so generally understood as they now are, it would have been attributed to supernatural agency.

A MONSTER CONCERT.—On Good Friday, at the Crystal Palace, London, a concert was held. It opened with the "Old Hundredth Psalm," in which all the visitors joined. A correspondent, in describing the scene, says, "Any thing more grand than the effect of this fine old tune, when rendered by upwards of thirty thousand voices, it would be difficult to conceive. Every part of the building was, at this time, thronged, the great orchestra was filled to its topmost tier, the upper galleries, on either side, were densely occupied, and the effect which the great mass of voices produced, singing in tolerable time, all things considered, was wonderfully impressive."

☞ It is announced from Australia, a large producer of beef, that a Melbourne chemist has discovered that he can fit a ship with an apparatus that will keep in a congealed state five hundred carcasses of beef in tanks, these carcasses having been entirely frozen through at starting. A correspondent writes that he has seen at Melbourne experiments of a startling character, by which beef killed five months before was by this process kept perfectly good. This discovery, it is anticipated, will make a revolution in the English beef market.

☞ A method of propelling boats, now in use in France, has been introduced upon the Erie Canal at Buffalo, New York. By this system, a steel wire, five-eighths of an inch in diameter, is laid along the centre of the entire length of the canal. This wire cable runs over a drum on the deck of the boat, and a small engine of four-horse power turns the drum, and the boat is thus drawn along. It is claimed that a boat of two hundred and fifty tons may be pulled along in this way at the rate of two miles per hour, with a consumption of only twelve hundred pounds of coal in twenty-four hours.

☞ During a recent discussion in the British Parliament, when the debt of the United States was the subject, it was said that the payment of *interest* rather than *principal* was our true policy. Mr. Case approved this view and said: "When he was in America before the war, he spent all the time he could among the slaves, and he was introduced to one who was very rich and abundantly able to buy his freedom. He asked him why he did not do so. 'No hurry about dat,' said the sagacious darkey; 'I'se growin' older ebery day, and growin' cheaper.'"

☞ Mr. Godfrey, of Milford, has sold his famous stallion George M. Patchen for $17,000.

☞ Norman P. Bortle, of West Farmington, N. Y., accepts Robert Way's challenge to any man in the United States to a single jump for $1,000 a side.

☞ Dr. Buckland, the English naturalist, had a Brazilian monkey which he wished to take from Southampton to London in the passenger car, but the guard of the train objected, and said he was a dog, and must go in the dog-van. The doctor, by way of *reductio ad absurdum*, took a tortoise out of his coat pocket, and asked the guard if that, too, were a dog. After attentive consideration, the guard replied slowly but firmly, "No, sir—them's all right—them be hinsex."

☞ A sermon, published in an exchange, contains the following passage: "I have seen a woman professing to love Christ more than the world clad in a silk dress, costing $75; making up and trimmings of same, $40; bonnet (or apology for one), $35; velvet mantle, $150—diamond ring $500; watch, chain, pin and other trappings, $300; total, $1,100—all hung upon frail, dying woman. I have seen her, at a meeting in behalf of homeless wanderers in New York, wipe her eyes upon an expensive embroidered handkerchief at the story of their sufferings, and when the contribution-box came round, take from a well-filled portemonnaie, of costly workmanship, twenty-five cents to aid the Society formed to promote their welfare. Ah, thought I, dollars for ribbons and pennies for Christ!"

☞ At Bennington, Vt., recently, there was a trial of speed between a famous walker and a fast horse of that place, in which the man was to walk a quarter of a mile in less time than the horse trotted one-half a mile; the first heat was won by the horse, but the man took the next two with ease in 1 23 and 1 55.

☞ Records of hydrophobia in dogs kept at the veterinary schools of Alfort, Lyons and Toulouse, in France, show that the majority of cases occur not in the hottest, but in the wettest, months.

☞ A Mr. Mums, in Ohio, has four cows, each of which averaged 229 pounds of butter for the season of 1866. That would be 916 pounds, which, at 60 cents per pound in Philadelphia, would amount to $549.60.

A Marrying Woman.

There is a married couple living in this county whose matrimonial history is rather unusual, the woman having been married four times, and yet is living with her first husband. After sharing the couch of her first "worser-half" a few years, the wife got a divorce from husband No. 1, and was married to husband No. 2. In a little while she applied for, and obtained, a divorce from husband No. 2, and was married to husband No. 3. In the course of time she became weary of her bonds, and was divorced from husband No. 3. Then her first love resumed its sway in her heart, and, to make amends for her seeming waywardness, she sought out and again met husband No. 1, when they were the second time indissolubly bound up in the tender cords of wedlock, and are now living happily and peacefully together, with the company of two children by their first marriage. She was not blessed with any offspring by either her second or third husband; so, after years of separation from her first object of happiness, naught now remains to remind her of the past estrangement save the memory of husbands Nos. 2 and 3.—*Wisconsin Democrat.*

☞ The American Homœopathic Institute decided by a vote of 68 nays to 56 yeas not to admit women to membership. The following resolution was offered by Dr. Donovan of Staten Island:—Resolved, that the American Institute of Homœopathy, while admitting the importance of educating women as practitioners of medicine and the advantages that will result in many cases from their employment as physicians, cannot approve of their being associated with males in our medical colleges, or as students in the classes of our medical colleges, as such association, we believe, will in the one case tend to fetter freedom of discussion, and in the other violate that sense of propriety and sentiment of delicacy which the community deem so important to preserve the proper relation of the sexes.

☞ It seems that the colored people of Washington have an expressive phrase descriptive of white folks. Two colored women were overheard expressing surprise at the conduct of a third person mentioned by one, the other thereupon inquiring: "Was she colored or plain?" "Plain!"

☞ A Berkshire graveyard has this epitaph: "Here lies the body of Mary Hawley, who died of severe Providence and cholera morbus."

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Blind Beggars.

The New Orleans courts have just been trying a rather curious case. The children of a blind mendicant having been enticed away by some other professional beggars, the father brought suit. One of the witnesses testified that nine out of ten who are led about as blind have good sound eyes. The plan to make blind beggars is this: The impostor secures a piece of peculiar blue stone, which, when dissolved in water, will make fifteen men blind for four days. The lids of the eyes are then bathed with the liquid, which acts as an astringent, and the beggar cannot see until the effect wears off. The lids are tightly closed, and if they are forced open there is a temporary film over the pupil which would deceive any but the most skillful oculist. The judge sentenced the man who had enticed away the boy and the mother of the boy to six months in the workhouse, in default of a $1,000 bond for good behavior. It is interesting to know that these $1,000 bonds were given by the beggars on the spot.

From the New York Tribune.

A SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISE.—The Great American Tea Company commenced business in 1860, in this city. They now occupy six large stores and employ about 250 persons, their sales of Tea and Coffee amounting to $90 000 per week. Their success shows what ability and enterprise will accomplish. It is simple enough. Their sales being large, they are of course, in a position to sell their goods for a smaller profit on each pound. In their advertisements in the *Tribune*, from time to time, they fully explain their system of doing business, and from the many letters received from all parts of the country, we judge that their customers are well satisfied.

MORE VALUABLE THAN TREASURY NOTES.—How that old cynic, Sam Johnson, would have revelled through Webster's massive new Unabridged! How he would have gloated over its magnificent letter-press and its illustrations, beautiful as new Treasury Notes, and *much more valuable* to the student. The Merriams have incurred a fabulous expense in having the whole work rewritten, reset, recast, and republished. It is not a mere revision, but a reconstruction. To insure excellence in typography, it comes from the Riverside Press, which is all that need be said about its mechanical execution. It is a marvellous specimen of learning, labor, research, and taste. It is by far *the greatest literary work of the age.*—*Baltimore American.*

THE Paris correspondent of the New York Daily Times, writing of American contributions to the Exposition, says:

"Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, of New York, have sent a beautiful collection of cabinet organs. The workmanship of the cases compares favorably with the best specimens of the kind in the French department, and the designs are light, rich and elegant. It is only of late years that the cabinet organ has taken a legitimate place in the ever-extending family of musical instruments. In its old form, it was a coarse provocation to psalm-singing; a loud inducement to howl in short or long metre. The grossness and inequality of its scale sufficed to cover up every defect of the performer, even the custom of singing through the nose, which is yet prevalent in certain pious and occidental districts. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin were among the first to seriously consider the possibility of changing a toy into an instrument of music. Under their hands, the various registers have been equalized, and the whole character of the instrument is thereby rendered homogeneous. The quality of the tone is clear and vocal, and the contrivances for blending it in many forms are ingenious without being complicated. In Europe they still adhere to the rough, loud tone, which with us has been totally superseded. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have, therefore, to struggle against a prejudice, or rather a predilection. Some of the most eminent organists in Paris have already declared in their favor, and I hope that the jury may do the same. They are alone in the honor of fighting the rest of the world, and it would be pleasant to record that victory had perched upon their banners.

☞ A safety smoke-stack, for locomotives, has been invented by a Nashville mechanic, who has applied for a patent. His smoke-stack is so constructed that no sparks are emitted from the top of the stack, a shute being fixed to carry them downward, and they fall harmless upon the earth beneath the locomotive, thus insuring safety to articles of a combustible nature on the train or in its immediate vicinity.

☞ In no clime in the world is the art and power of pleasing carried to greater perfection than in "sunny" France. A Parisian woman will do everything for the man she loves. She will anticipate his most trifling wants; will light his cigar, curl his hair, wax his moustache, warm his slippers, relate pleasing dreams in which he figures as the hero and she the heroine, build *chateaux en espagne*, and people them with ideal creatures of love and happiness, laugh, sing, and dance for him—anything, everything to fascinate and please; and by a thousand little attentions, executed with grace and cheerfulness, cannot but win the heart of the most obdurate. Be he husband or lover, when once her affections are centered upon him, he becomes all the world to her, and when he abandons her she commits suicide or—finds another.

☞ A letter from Naples mentions the following curious fact:—"Lately, while excavations were being made at Pompeii, in presence of several persons of distinction, the workmen discovered a bronze vase, hermetically closed and enveloped in a thick crystallized crust, that having been broken and the lid raised, the interior of the vessel was found to contain a considerable quantity of water. As no marks of oxidation appeared within the vase, some persons present ventured to drink some of the liquid, and all unanimously agreed in pronouncing it clear, fresh, and of remarkable softness. As the destruction of Pompeii by the ashes of Vesuvius dates from the year 79 of our era, the water in question has been preserved for nearly 1,800 years."

☞ The cost of every Indian killed by the United States troops, is said to average $100 000. This is one explanation why certain people in the far West are so desirous to have an Indian war. The rest of the country, however, already groaning under a tax of nearly $300 000 000 "for military purposes," do not "see it" quite so clearly.

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The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street or No. 5 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8 00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.10	P. M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1 40	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5 30	"
WESTERN ACCOM TRAIN	6.40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7 50	"
ERIE MAIL	7 30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11 15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	6.30	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.
THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 127 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.15	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	9.30	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.30	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.30	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.
EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf Gen'l Supt., Altoona, Pa.

A GREAT NOVELTY. LADIES' WORK Table Companion, Work Holder, Spool Holder, Thread Cutter Button hole Cutter Glass Cutter, Scissors and Knife Sharpener, all combined in an ornamental instrument warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Price by express from $1 to $2, 50 cents extra if sent by mail. Good references given. Good agents wanted everywhere. Sure sale and good pay. Send for sample and circulars. Address JOHN H. MARAIN, Box 285 Troy, New York.

$40 A DAY TO AGENTS.—LLOYD'S Great Double Map of Europe and America combined, finished to-day. Each map 6 feet square, occupying the space of but one on the wall, with double faced rollers and reverses, by which either map can be thrown front. Both maps cost $10, yet sell at $5. Printed instructions how to canvass well furnished our agents. Ladies do as well as men. Country rights for sale. Send money for sample and see the map first. If not so, it can be sent back on demand. Wholesale agents, with capital, for Western States, Canada and New England, could get $10 a copy for this map. J. T. LLOYD,
25 Cortlandt St., New York.

GOLD! GOLD!—MY GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. In every case satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH sent for $1. Union Agency, Norwich, Conn. jel-4t

CHOICE NEW CROP TEAS.
THE SHIP "GOLDEN STATE"
HAS ARRIVED FROM JAPAN WITH
22,000 HALF CHESTS
OF THE FINEST
JAPAN TEAS
TO THE
GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

These Teas by the ship Golden State were purchased direct from the Japanese sector, and in consequence of the magnitude of the transaction, were transferred at about half the usual commissions. This is the largest cargo ever imported from Japan by about seven thousand packages. By this operation the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY put these Teas into the hands of the consumers with but one very small profit—an achievement in commercial enterprise seldom if ever before attained. These Teas are acknowledged, both here and in Japan, as being the finest full cargo ever exported from that country.

ALSO,
THE SHIP "GEORGE SHOTTON"
HAS ARRIVED FROM FOOCHOW WITH
12,000 HALF CHESTS
OF THE FINEST FOOCHOW
OOLONG TEAS.

The cargo of the ship George Shotton is the second in size that has ever come to this port from Foochow, (which is the finest Black Tea district in China.) These are the *finest first-picking contract Teas*,—rich, fresh and full flavored. Tais will enable us to supply our trade with uniform fine flavored Teas for a long time to come. These Teas were contracted for before the picking. Contract Teas are always far superior to any others. A large proportion of contract Teas of first pickings go to the European markets. That is one of the principal reasons why the English people consume *three* pounds of Tea, on an average, to *one* in an equal number of population in the United States. Heretofore, the United States have been compelled, to a considerable extent, to put up with *lower grades* of Teas and later pickings. This unfortunate result for the consumers of this country, has been brought about heretofore in consequence of the many and great profits of the "middlemen" in the Tea trade. But this has been in a great measure remedied by the establishment of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, and their system of furnishing Teas to the consumer direct from the Chinese and Japanese factors, thus saving them many intermediate profits.

The receiving of these two large cargoes by THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY for their own trade is acknowledged by the mercantile community as the largest transactions ever made in this country. They were deemed of so much importance, that the fact was telegraphed to all the principal commercial papers in the country by their correspondents here, and thus appeared as an important news item throughout the United States at the same time.

The importance of these transactions in this market is thus noticed by the oldest and most respectable commercial paper in this city—the N. Y. *Shipping and Commercial List*—which says: "The trade have again been startled by the arrival of *two large cargoes of Teas* to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY—the ship 'Golden State,' from Japan, with 22,000 half chests; and the ship 'George Shotton,' from Foochow, with 12 000 packages." And in another place it says: "The recent large operations of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY have taken the trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking in of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12 000 packages Black, and 22 000 packages Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands."

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

This is the season of the year when we receive new Teas, and, consequently, our customers will not fail to notice a marked improvement in freshness from this time forward.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following Kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All Goods are Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

PRICE LIST.

YOUNG HYSON (Green), 60c., 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
MIXED TEAS, 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
JAPAN $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., 100c., best $1 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green) best $1 25 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₱ lb.

Coffee Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our "FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE," which we sell at the low price of 35c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 20c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the
GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET, N. Y.
No. 149 BROADWAY, corner Bleecker street, N. Y.
No. 44 EIGHTH AVE., north corner 13th street, N. Y.
No. 288 SPRING STREET, N. Y.
No. 25 FULTON ST., Brooklyn, corner Concord st.
No. 135 GRAND STREET, Williamsburg, N. Y.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The Funds to pay for the Goods ordered can be sent by Drafts on New York, by Post Office Money Orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the Club. Or if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired send the Goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

CLUB ORDER.

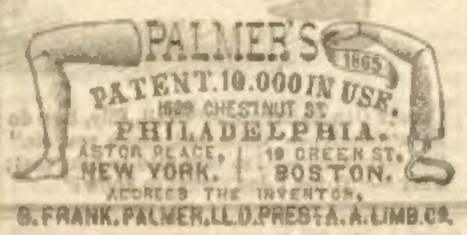
East Liverpool, Columbiana Co., Ohio, March 1, 1867.
To the Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

Gents: This is my fifth order in about two months, your Teas are well liked, and give good satisfaction. They are better Teas than we can get here for 25 per pound, and I think that the trade will increase all the time. Please ship by Express to the best advantage. Our last order cost about $9.5, which is too much. Send me some circulars and oblige
Yours, J. A. HARVEY.

2 lb.	Young Hyson	R. Hi[illegible]t	at $1 25	$2 50
2	"	Geo. P[illegible]	at 1 25	2 50
2	"	John W[illegible]sh	at 1 25	2 50
2	"	Sam Manor	at 1 25	2 50
1	"	C. Allison	at 1 25	1 25
2	"	Sam Ashbaugh	at 1 25	2 50
2	"	J. W. Knowles	at 1 25	2 50
2	"	W. Beardmore	at 1 00	2 00
2	"	J. Beardmore	at 1 25	2 50
2	Oolong Black		at 1 00	2 00
2	Oolong Black	Geo. Morley	at 1 00	2 00
4	Gunpowder	Timothy Rigby	at 1 25	5 00
		Total		$37 25

P. S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories where a large number of men are engaged, by *CLUBBING* together, they can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the
GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.
NEW YORK.
Post office Box, 5643 New York City.

☞ We call Special Attention to the fact that our Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street—LARGE DOUBLE STORE. ap27-tf



S. FRANK PALMER, LL.D. PRES'T A. A. LIMB, C.E.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made solely by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed. oct20-1y

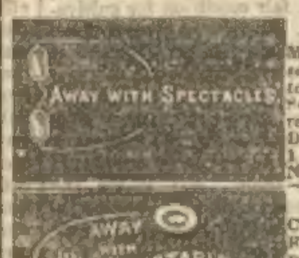
New and Beautiful Songs by Dr. Ordway.

Somebody's Darling Slumbers Here. Song and Chorus, suggested by a visit to Gettysburg. 30 cts. Still He Kept Thinking. Song and Chorus, founded on an incident at the Battle of the Wilderness. 30 cts. Come, Darling, Come to the Spirit Land. Song and Chorus. 30 cts. Something Sweet to Think of. Song and Chorus. 30 cts. Three are all new and popular. Sent, Post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.
YOUNG AND OLD MAKING MONEY.
The LOWE PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented. Price of an Office with Press—$15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS CO., 93 Water St., Boston. jel5-6m

United States Passport Bureau.

Citizens going abroad may procure Passports from the undersigned within two days after application. Blank forms and instructions furnished by A. C. WILMARTH, 41 Chambers St., New York. jel5 3t



Old Eyes
MADE NEW, easily, without doctor or medicines. Sent post-paid on receipt of 10 cents.
Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y.

COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent, post-paid on receipt of 10 cents.
Address
Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y. feb9-sow1y

WANTED—To make an arrangement with a live man in every county, who wishes to make money, and can give good references. No capital required. Will sell a business now paying $1 500 per month, and rely on profits for my pay. Address J. C. TILTON, Pittsburgh, Penn. jel5-3t

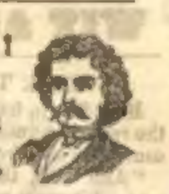
ALL WANTING FARMS.—GOOD SOIL, Mild Climate, 24 miles south of Philadelphia. Price only $25 per acre. Also improved Farms. Hundreds are selling. Information sent free. Address O. R. LANDIS, Vineland, New Jersey. ap27-3m

$10 A DAY CAN EASILY BE MADE BY any person, either gentleman or lady, in the manufacture and sale of an article of which large quantities are used in all parts of the country by every family. The profits on this article are immense. It is easily made and requires but a small capital. Fortunes have been and are being made on this article. Having been engaged in the business ourselves for years we know the above facts to be true. We will send this valuable receipe, with full instructions to any person for one dollar. Address UNION AGENCY, Norwich, Conn.

LOVE! LOVE!—Full instructions by which any person can master the great art of VENTRILOQUISM by a few hours' practice, and how to gain the undying love of the fair sex. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

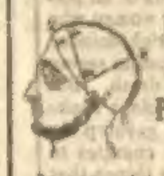


A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, my18-3m Parkman, Ohio.

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.
A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,
THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
feb9-6m Philadelphia.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.
Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 320, Boston, Mass.

$20.00 AGENTS WANTED.—$10 00.—Male and female, to introduce our NEW PATENT, STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. It is adapted for family use, and Tailoring. It makes a stitch alike on both sides. Price only TWENTY DOLLARS. Extraordinary inducements to Agents. For full particulars, address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio. my25-3m



R. DOLLARD,
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CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
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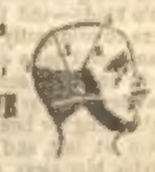

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupee and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-eowly

THE PUZZLE OF THE AGE!
The sharpest observers give it up. People who are proverbial for their critical perceptions, are utterly at fault.
No Living Eye
can detect any difference between the richest blacks and browns that Nature has bestowed upon the hair, and the superb artificial tints conferred upon grey, red or sandy hair, by the incomparable vegetable agent,
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,
With the color it imparts lustre, and does not diminish the flexibility of the fibres.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Applied by all Hair Dressers. jel-eow3t

WORKS OF NATURE.
In a state of health the intestinal canal may be compared to a river whose waters flow over the adjoining land, through the channels nature or art has made, and improve their qualities; so long as it runs on smoothly the channels are kept pure and healthy; if the course of the river is stopped, then the water in the canals is no longer pure, but soon becomes stagnant. There is but one law of circulation in nature. When there is a superabundance of humorist fluid in the intestinal tubes, and costiveness takes place, it flows back into the blood vessels, and infiltrates itself into the circulation. To establish the free course of the river, we must remove the obstructions which stop its free course, and those of its tributary streams. With the body, follow the same natural principal—remove the obstructions from the bowels with BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which never injure, but are always effectual for the perfect cleansing of the system from foulness or disease. Remember, never suffer a drop of blood to be taken from you. Evacuate the humors as often and as long as they are deranged, or as long as you are sick.
See that B. BRANDRETH is in white letters on the Government stamp.
Sold by all Druggists. jel-eow1t

$18.00 A DAY.—Agents wanted, male and female, to introduce a new article of household utility. ONLY FIVE DOLLARS. Capital required. Particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO. my25-3m

WHISKERS!
A HEAVY BEARD is warranted in five weeks to those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND *According to directions.* Will not injure the most delicate skin. *Money refunded if it fails.* Sent closely sealed for 50 cents, by RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. jel-3m

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.
Every young lady and gentleman can hear of something to their advantage and have the model love letter and secrets of success sent free by addressing. C. F. WOOD,
jel-4t Box W, VERNON, New Jersey.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, single copies, free of charge, may be had of the author.
NATHANIEL MAYHAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y.
Book Agents wanted. mh30-3m

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar St., New York. jel 3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Mark Twain in Trouble.

Mark Twain has his troubles in common with the rest of humanity. His last annoyance was caused by a railroad peddler.

"And then, there were the peddlers on the cars. I bought out the pop-corn boy to get rid of him, because I was trying to compose a poem for a young lady's album, and did not want to be disturbed. But he came right back with a stock of peanuts. I took a few and hurried him away, and he returned with some ice-cream candy. I don't like ice-cream candy and peanuts together, but I invested at once, because an inspired rhyme had been born to me, and I wanted to set it down before it slipped by me. Then the scoundrel came back with tobacco and cigars, and afterward with oranges, imitation ivory baby, whistles, fig paste and apples; and then he went away and was gone some time, and I was encouraged to hope the train had run over him. Such was not the case. He was only keeping his most malignant outrage for the last. He was getting his literature ready.

"And from that time forward that degraded youth did nothing but march from one car to another, and affect the passengers with specimen copies of the vilest blood-and-thunder romances on earth. 'Lionel Warburton, or the Perjurer's Doom;' 'Godfrey de Lungly, or the Desperado's Revenge'—those were some of his mildest works, and on their backs were pictures of stabbing affrays and duels, and people shoving other people down precipices, and wretched woodcuts of women being rescued from terrific perils of all possible kinds—and they were always women who were so criminally homely that any right-minded man would take a placid satisfaction in seeing them suffer a sudden and violent death. But that peddler boy peddled these atrocious books right along for hours together, and I gave up my poem at last, and devoted all my energies to driving him away, and trying to say things that would make him unhappy."

Bull Cockroaches.

A gentleman who does his own marketing purchased among other things a pair of live lobsters. The servant being out on an errand when he returned, he personally placed the lobsters upon the cement floor of the cellar. While dining, his wife heard a voice beneath as if some combat was in progress in the cellar. A moment afterward, the servant, who had been about three weeks in the country, came pantingly into the dining-room.

"Faith, ma'am, an' I've killed 'em both!" was her eager exclamation.

"Killed what, Catherine?"

"Faith, ma'am, two big bull cockroaches—the biggest you ever heered on."

Husband and wife looked at each other, and informed Catherine that at the table such topics must never again be touched, and resumed exercise with knife and fork.

Catherine went out, saying in an undertone as she descended—

"Well, this is a quare country, whin ye have to take hatchets to kill roaches wid, an' nothin' strange thought of it!"

The mystery was solved after dinner. The exile of Erin had chopped the living lobsters into pieces with a hatchet, supposing them to be some variety of household vermin. There was not any lobster salad for supper that night in that domicile.

An Inadvertence.

Some years ago, when one of the insurance companies of Hartford first established an agency in this city, it is said that their policies contained so many of those cautious words, "whereas," "and it is hereby understood," "and it is further provided," etc., etc., etc., that it was somewhat difficult for one to know whether he were really insured or not. A Quaker man, doing business in Pine street, took a $5,000 policy, and, like a prudent merchant, proceeded carefully to read it over; but so perplexed did he become by the perusal that next morning he took it back, and said:

"Friend Jones, I have read over thy policy, and don't see that in case of fire I am insured at all."

"Well, Friend Waldo," was the agent's response, "if thou art, it is an entire inadvertence!"

Friend Waldo had that notion, and surrendered the policy.

Biddy's Call to Breakfast.

The Cleveland Plaindealer relates the following:—

A lady of this city, is giving directions to a new servant, the other evening, said—"Now, Biddy, as soon as you have got breakfast ready to-morrow morning, you must ring the bell."

"Shure an' I'll do it, mum," said Biddy.

At an unusually early hour the next morning there came a fearful tug at the door-bell—a tug that almost broke the wire, and sent both husband and wife into an upright position in bed. The ringing continued with frightful energy. Master of the house pulled on his pants, and without waiting for slippers or dressing-gown, hurried in surprise to the door. There stood Biddy upon the doorstep, with a countenance radiant in consciousness of a faithfully discharged duty, and with a low courtesy, exclaimed—

"The breakfast is ready, sir."

CLAW THE IVORY.—In the latter part of 1864 a North Carolina soldier was one day passing a house in the country, in which he heard a young lady playing the piano and singing. Stepping on the piazza, he paused and listened. When the damsel had ceased her song, he put his head through the open window and said, "If you please, miss, be kind enough to claw the ivory and howl again!" Somewhat startled, she asked what he meant? "Why, play and sing some more;" which she good-naturedly did, and the warrior from the tar and turpentine state "retreated in good order," carrying off all his arms, but no forage.

NO NOTHIN'.—Embarrassing things will happen to very good people sometimes, even in "meetin'." The congregation had assembled in church at B., and waited patiently for the minister, who had, unaccountably, failed to appear. To pass away the time the choir tipped them a stave, and repeated. Everybody looked at everybody. They did it again. At length a solemn brother ascended the pulpit, glanced around, and said, "No minister; no deacon; *no nothin'; no preparation for nothin'. Let us pray!*"

CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR.—"Well, Elly, how do you do, my dear?"
ELLY (faintly).—"Quite well, thank you, sir."
OLD BACHELOR.—"I'm very glad to hear that; but why don't you ask me how I am, Elly?"
ELLY.—"'Cause I don't want to know!"

The Greenhorn.

Many years ago, when most of the North River sloops came in at Coenties Slip, the Levant, a packet from Fishkill, anchored off the Battery, to wait for change of tide. A passenger, who for the first time had been on a sailing-vessel, and who during the trip down had been anxious to steer the craft, not noticing the vessel was at anchor, was told he might take the helm. Greenhorn obeyed, the captain cautioning him, as he was going below, to keep clear of other vessels. The tide went rushing by, causing the "helmsman" to believe that the boat was making prodigious headway. After awhile the captain thrust his head out of the cabin-door and inquired how he was getting on? "First-rate by water," was the reply; "but *very slow by land!*"

☞ A CLEARANCE.—"Miss A., what is your opinion of the weather? I think it intends to clear. Do you agree with me?" "I do, indeed, and wish some folks would follow the weather's example, and clear, too." Mr. B. seized his hat, and has not been seen in that street since.

☞ "Ven you're a married man, Sammy, you'll understand a great many things you don't understand now; but vether its vorth vile going through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter of taste."—*Dickens's Pickwick.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STUMPS.

In clearing off new land, i. e., fitting wild land for cultivation, the majority of people make a mistake in digging, delving, grubbing and pulling out the larger stumps. Where the land has been covered with a dense growth of small wood, varying from one to six inches in diameter, it is good economy to grub the stumps out of the way of the plough, as the roots of such small timber run near the surface, rendering culture difficult; besides, the stumps of bushes and young trees retain their vitality a long time, continually sending up vigorous shoots, making to the farmer an annoying pest.

In most instances where stumps do not exceed seven or eight inches in diameter, they may be advantageously brought out of the ground by some one of the modern improved extractors, leaving the land in a fair condition for cultivation by the operation. We have several times of late seen a light, strong and portable stump puller, operated by two men, taking out oak and pine stumps from four to nine inches in diameter at the rate of twenty stumps an hour. With such stumps thickly encumbering the surface, it is good economy to procure one of these "Little Giants" and remove them. But where the stumps are much larger, requiring first to be trenched around, and then a ponderous, costly machine, requiring a four-horse or ox power team, as many men, and then from one to one and a half hour's time to fetch out a stump, leaving great yawning pits to be filled in at an expense equal to that of extracting the stump, the stump-pulling policy is a poor one. Better leave them to rot out and give gradually of their fertility to the soil. There are exceptions, however, even with large stumps, as for instance where a great overgrown fellow sends out like spider legs a net-work of strong roots, lying so near the surface that cultivation for the space of a rod or so is impossible; then it is well to grub, dig, apply powder and bore and blast in order to remove the nuisance. But in all cases where the plough can be run within eighteen inches or so of the stump, the fertility that it will afford during the period of its decay will considerably more than compensate for the loss of the area it occupies.

In a field of twelve acres which we have under observation while writing this article, the field being now in its fourth year of culture, the stumps are in size from ten to twenty inches, averaging three to the square rod—the field in wheat, all looking well, but around every stump there is a ring of ranker growth, and darker, healthier green. We have spent much time in inquiry and investigation, and considerable in practical experiments, and the conclusion, so far as we are concerned, is, that as a general rule it is a waste of time and money to grub, pull or blast out big stumps.

SELECTING LAND.

In selecting land in any portion of the United States, let the first influencing consideration be good water. Without that requisite, don't purchase a Garden of Eden with the idea of living there. Next consideration ought to be convenient churches and schools. Never settle down among semi-barbarians. Then look out for roads, making sure that you have access to your new home, and facilities for getting your produce to market. Then get as near a good market already established as your purse will permit. Avoid swales, swamps, and consequent chills and fevers. The quality of soil is always a consideration certainly; but not nearly so important as any of the others named. We can always build up a productive soil, if blessed with health, ten times easier and quicker than we can reconstruct a ruined constitution.

Don't let your ambition to become a large landed proprietor lead you into the purchase of more territory than you can pay for, improve and properly cultivate; having in mind always these facts, that one acre thoroughly cultivated is better than three slovenly manslaughtered; and that in farming unimproved acres pay no dividends.

Of course, common sense, discretion, and all the practical knowledge available should be brought into requisition in making selections of new homes; taking care always that soil and climate shall be best suited to special requirements. If grazing, dairying and stock-growing is the intention, adaptation to these specialities ought to govern the choice. So of fruit culture, and general grain farming, vegetable gardening, or whatever especial line it is designed to follow. Let the selection be judiciously made first, following this up with energy, industry and economy, and there will be few failures in farming, very few after regrets at having made unsuitable selections.

MOLE FIGHTING.

In many localities these little under-ground pests are intolerable nuisances, especially in gardens where light, loamy soils predominate—mining and countermining in all directions, making much mischief among garden vegetables. Many and various have been the devices resorted to by gardeners to rid themselves of the provoking pests, without, however, so far as we are advised, ever having achieved more than a very indifferent success.

This year our garden—on new, light, loamy soil was so infested with moles that in spite of all known modes of driving them out heretofore practiced by gardeners, the prospect was that mole ploughing would soon put a period to all planted vegetation, unless something more effectual than any of the old devices could be discovered. The well-known habits of the animal suggested fish hooks. Knowing their greedy fondness for grubs and worms, which are usually found just below the surface, and also their habit of traversing and retraversing their subterranean run-ways, four dozen small fish hooks, each having a bit of line a foot in length, and baited with any of the grubs and earth-worms found in the soil were provided—small holes were pierced, through which the baited hooks were inserted into the run-ways, the short pieces of line to each one being tied to a stick heavy enough for a clog, and thus many mole traps were made and set in a little time at trifling cost. The result was a most satisfactory success—the first morning a mole to nearly every hook, the second, about a dozen, the third morning, two, and since then not a mole seen or heard of—all extinct like the mammoth so far as our garden is concerned. Two neighbors have been equally successful in fishing out their moles, and our unanimous verdict is that we believe fish hooks baited with worms a specific for garden moles.

PUTTING OUT PLANTS.

Many plants, as cabbages, sweet potatoes, &c., must be transplanted from this time forward to the middle of July. Where such transplanting is to be done from our own hot-beds to grounds conveniently at hand, we can always so manage by taking advantage of a rainy morning or lowery afternoon to loose few of the plants in resetting, without taking any extraordinary precaution. But where such plants are to be taken from the seed beds, conveyed thirty to fifty miles by express, and remain two days perhaps out of the ground, with the chances of a dry, sandy soil, and hot, blazing sun following the transplanting for several days, some precaution is necessary to save life and secure growth.

Our grounds are new—first cultivation this season—soil, light sandy loam that heats up rapidly in this June sun. We got our cabbage, tomato and sweet potato plants by railroad at sunset ten days since—fine plants—well put up, and all that, but wilted some, and not a sign of rain to help us out. So we helped ourselves and plants, in this way:—Put two handfuls of good phosphate and two of fine charcoal to each gallon of soapsuds from the washtub, then stirred in loam until there was a thin mush. Set the plants into the mush three inches deep and let them remain thus immersed all night. In the morning set to planting out carefully, and as fast as four of us could perform the work. Occupied the entire day through a scorching sun. Three more dry, sunshiny days followed, but we watered once with diluted soapsuds, and our plants are growing as if born in their present position—not five per cent. of them even wilting. In all cases of transplanting—rain, or no rain, we advise the phosphate, charcoal and soapsuds bath for plants.

GATHERED GRAINS.

—— Late testimony from numerous sources seems to confirm last year's popular opinion that the pure Chester county pigs are less liable to hog cholera and several other fatal porcine diseases than any other breed of swine in the country.

—— After all our late killing frosts, we are going to have a fair crop of first-class peaches, throughout south Jersey, Delaware, and southern and eastern Maryland generally.

—— Wheat is almost universally excellent everywhere; Rye, in all rye regions, do; grass, as good as ever was. Corn, potatoes, and most garden vegetables, rather behind time; but coming on well these few days past.

—— In several regions of New England, New York, and Michigan, lately heard from, they are but just beginning to plant corn and make gardens.

—— Canada, north of Lake Erie is ahead of northern Ohio in corn, potatoes, and almost all kinds of vegetation.

—— Vineland will produce the present season, many grapes, equal to any ever grown in California, or any other country. South Jersey will yield grapes that will make good wine without adding sugar to the juice.

RECEIPTS.

EXCELLENT FLAPJACKS.—Put a pint of corn-meal in a large bowl, add a dessertspoonful of salt, and pour over boiling water from the kettle to scald it. Stir hard and well, until it is a thick, smooth mush. Thin with cold water, and add several handfuls of unbolted meal. The batter should be as thin as it can be baked—put on the griddle by the tablespoonful.

SOLID MEAT is better in summer than soups, ragout, &c. Good roast meat will best supply the waste of substance. The amount we eat is not what benefits us, but the amount we digest. A little is better digested than a great deal. A great deal of food stops digestion.—*Professor Blot.*

STRAWBERRY PIES.—Line your pie dish with crust made in the usual manner; fill the dish with good, ripe strawberries of medium size; sprinkle on a little flour, and sugar in proportion to the acidity of the berries. Cover with a thin crust.

SANDWICHES.—Rub a tablespoonful of mustard flour into a half pound of butter, spread this upon thin slices of bread, cut ham very thin in slices and put it in between the bread.

A RECEIPT FOR BUTTERED EGGS, FROM FRANCATELLI'S COOKERY BOOK.—Put two ounces of butter into an omlette pan over the fire; as soon as it begins to fritter, break the eggs into it without disturbing the yolks. Season with pepper and salt, fry the eggs over the fire for five minutes, and then remove them gently on to their dish. Put two ounces more butter into the pan, fry it of a brown color, add two tablespoonfuls of French vinegar; boil the whole together for two minutes, pour over the eggs and serve.

Another.—Two tablespoonfuls of milk, a small piece of butter; just give it a beat up; take the yolks and whites of two eggs well beaten together, add them to it, and continue to stir on the fire until it becomes quite firm; it should be sent up quite hot on a round of buttered toast.

STRAWBERRIES IN RHUBARB JUICE.—Boil the juice with an equal quantity of loaf-sugar and some red currants; strain it, and, when boiling, drop in singly some ripe strawberries; and a more delicious addition to dessert in winter cannot be put on the table.

GENUINE BOSTON CREAM CAKES.—Take one quart of sweet, new milk, from which take three tablespoonfuls to moisten four tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, and put the remainder on to boil; separate four eggs and beat them as stiff as possible; add to the yolks five heaping tablespoonfuls of pulverized loaf-sugar; when the milk is boiling hot, stir in first the moistened flour, let it thicken but not boil, then stir the whites and yolks together and beat them well, pour a little of the boiled milk in the egg, stir it well, and then mix it in the hot milk, let it boil three minutes, then add the grated rind and juice of one lemon, and set it away to cool, then proceed to make the paste; take one pint of sifted flour and one-fourth of a pound of butter, set it over hot water until it melts, then add a quart of milk, and stir in three-fourths of a pound of flour, let it scald through; then let it become cold, beat all the lumps out, separate and beat twelve eggs, stir them in the paste, first the yolks and then the whites; butter twenty-four round tins, fill them not quite half-full; bake thoroughly; when cold, open them a little with a knife and put in the cream; press the edges together and wet them over with egg. These cakes must be used the same day they are baked.

CHERRY CHEESE.—Take 12 pounds of juicy cherries, stone them, and boil them for two hours, till they become a little cloggy, but take care that they do not burn. Then add to them 4 pounds of fine sugar, and boil another hour.

TO CLEANSE KID GLOVES.—Put the gloves on a person's hand; have ready some old skim milk perfectly sweet, and some fine white soap; dampen a soft, white cloth, wrap it around the forefinger, rub it once on soap, and rub the spots from the gloves, change the place in the cloth when it looks soiled; go over the whole gloves without wetting through; when it is quite clean, take it off, pull and stretch the leather so as to stretch every grain several ways; now shape the glove, and polish it with French chalk if light, or by friction of the hand if dark. White gloves may be cleaned several times in this manner; they may be cleansed without putting on the glove, but not as perfectly; if allowed to dry damp, they will be ruined.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My 1, 2, 4, 3, is a child's ornament.
My 1, 2, 4, 5, is used by shoemakers.
My 1, 4, 3 is an adjective.
My 1, 4, 3, 2, is a verb.
My 1, 3, 4, 2, is a wild beast.
My 2, 3, 5, is an adjective.
My 3, 2, 3, 5, is a plant.
My 3, 4, 2, is an organ.
My 4, 3, 5, is a verb.
My 3, 3, 3, 2, is an animal.
My 3, 5, 1, is a girl's nick-name.
My 5, 2, 4, 1, is a color.
My 3, 3, 3, 5, was once a popular novel.
My 3, 2, 3, 5, is a conveyance.
My 3, 2, 3, 4, 3, is lonely.
My whole is an article necessary to life.
Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 19, 11, 9, 24, 5, 7, 11, to surround.
My 3, 24 1, 28, a temporary shelter.
My 8, 26, 2, 1, a metal.
My 10, 24, 13, 27, is liked by the ladies.
My 11, 12, 26, 13, is a title.
My 9, 13, 7, 15, 23, 25, 12, is an arrow.
My 9, 14, 24, 13, 16, 13, is a star.
My 24, 17, 7, 11, 6, 24, my brother's name.
My 24, 26, 13, 14, 3, one of the muses.
My 16, 13 26, 15, 11, 9, were three sisters.
My 21, 4, 2, 20, a pronoun.
My 29, 12, 23, 13, is an expression of mirth.
My whole is a proverb. A. M. C.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A mineral found in Norway.
A fish.
A title of dignity among the Turks.
A kind of carbine or horseman's pistol.
A kind of tabor used by the Moors.
The great annual fast or lent of the Mohammedans.
A species of goat.
A tree.
An optical instrument.
A vessel used in the Mediterranean sea.
A Laplander's sled.
An Egyptian and Turkish weight.
A worshipper of the sun.
A genus of birds.
A play.
A mineral.
A game of cards.
An aromatic plant.
My whole is attracting people from every quarter of the globe. ALEXIA.
Castle Dangerous, Arcadia.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A traveller lariated his horse in the centre of a square piece of grass, with a lariat of such length that he could graze over two acres of ground; after which he found that his horse could reach four feet one and a-half inches beyond either side of the grass. Required—one side of the largest square of grass that may be cut after the horse has grazed in the centre.
JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.
Nebraska City, Nebraska.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The square of a certain number plus 100 is a rational square, and the square of the same number minus 100 is also a square. Required—the number. STUDENT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find three whole numbers, such that the sum of the first, square of the second, and cube of the third, shall be a square; the sum of the square of the first, fourth power of the second, and sixth power of the third, an eighth power.
GEORGE MALVILLE.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is it that never was and never will be? Answer.—A mouse's nest in a cat's ear.

☞ Why do men make an oven in a town? Ans.—Because they cannot make a town in an oven.

☞ How may a man discern a cow in a flock of sheep? Ans.—By his eyesight.

☞ Why doth a cow lie down? Ans.—Because it cannot sit.

☞ What is it that never freezeth? Ans.—Boiling water.

☞ Which was first, the hen or the egg? Ans.—The hen, at the creation.

☞ How many straws go to a goose's nest? Ans.—Not one; for, straws not having feet, cannot go anywhere.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"Our liberties we prize, and our rights we will maintain." CHARADE.—Nebraska. (Knee-brace-h.) DOUBLE REBUS—Venice and Naples. (Violin, Ephs, nap, Idyl, Cingalese, Excellentes.)

☞ Two men were brought before the recorder of Binghamton, to answer for drunkenness. One plead guilty of being drunk on whiskey, but the other had only drank a glass of soda water. The soda flew to his head and made him dizzy, and affected his legs to such an extent that they would hardly hold him up.

☞ In order to be definite, a clergyman once gave notice that a meeting would be held provided it did not storm enough to require umbrellas.

☞ Superficial writers and talkers, like the mole, may think themselves deep when they are exceedingly near the surface.